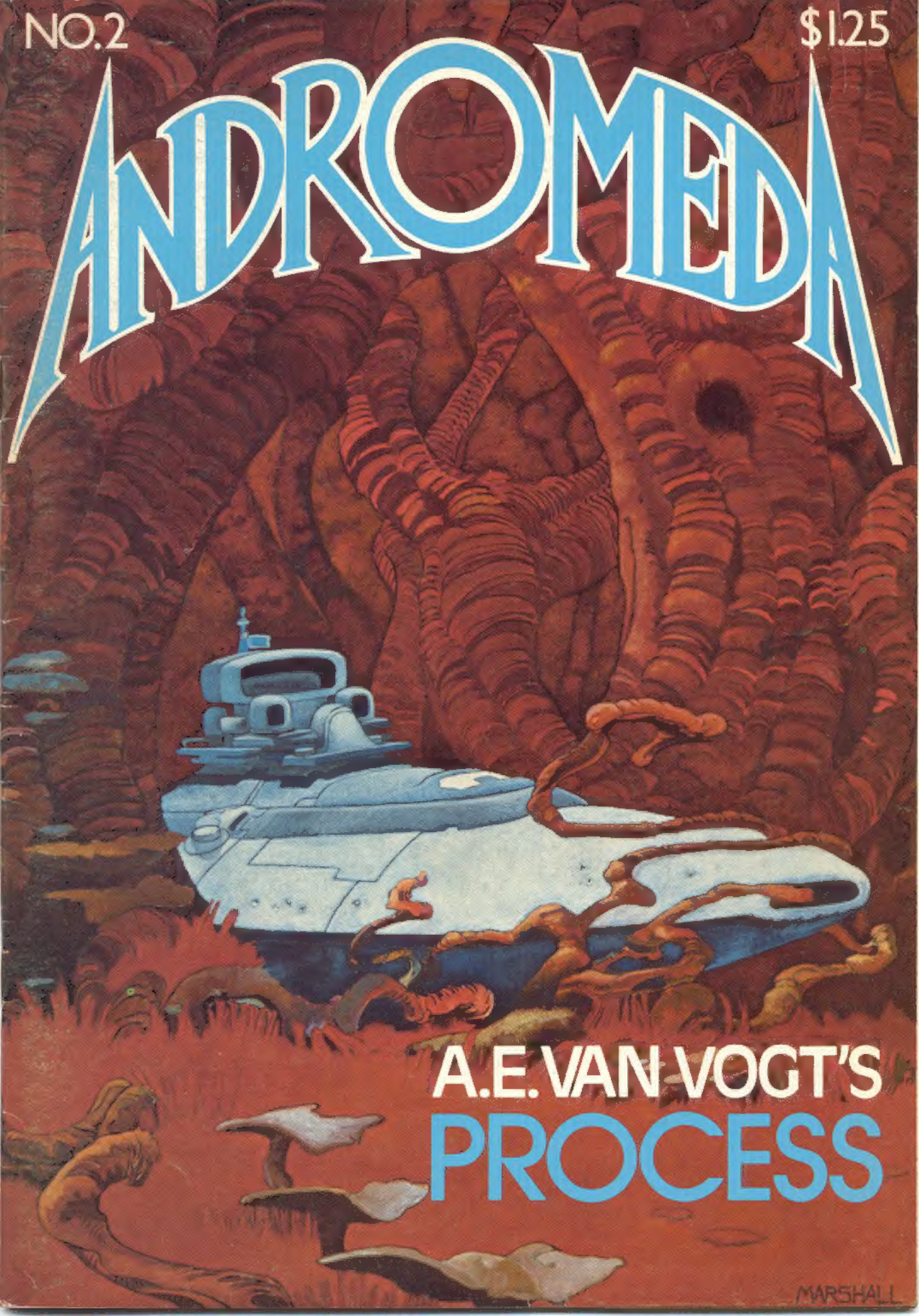


NO.2

\$1.25

ANDROMEDA

The background of the cover is a detailed illustration. It depicts a blue and white spaceship, possibly a submarine or a deep-sea lander, positioned in the center. The ship is surrounded by a vast, dark red environment that resembles a giant, fleshy, organic structure, perhaps a giant squid's interior or a massive alien organism. The texture is highly detailed with many ridges, folds, and tentacles. The overall color palette is dominated by deep reds, browns, and the blue of the ship.

A.E. VAN VOGT'S
PROCESS

MARSHALL



Below you'll find a quick rundown of the second issue of *ANDROMEDA*. Media response and sales of number one have been excellent. It looks as if we are here to stay.

Waiting in the wings for future issues you'll find ARTHUR C. CLARKE, JACK VANCE, HARLAN ELLISON, PHILIP JOSE FARMER, WALTER M. MILLER, WILLIAM HOPE HODGSON, and ALAN DEAN FOSTER.

Finally, special thanks go to JOHN KOEHLER, GEORGE OLSHEVSKY, FORREST J. ACKERMAN, KATHY, CHRISTINE and the folks at FIREFLY.

PROCESS by A. E. Van Vogt, illustrated by Dean Motter 2

It was a most unusual pleasure to illustrate a story as thought-provoking as this one by A. E. Van Vogt. I think I enjoyed it even more than last issue's Moebius pastiche, *JEANNE D'ARC*. Van Vogt, of course, is the renowned author of *THE WEAPON SHOPS OF ISHER*, *SLAN*, and *THE UNIVERSE MAKERS*. Canadian-born, he now makes his home in Hollywood. Be prepared for some surprises.

THE HIDDEN DIARIES by Jeffrey Morgan, illustrated by Ken Steacy 18

Welcome to the fold two more people to whom *ANDROMEDA* owes its existence. The enthusiasm and psychic support lent by Ken and Jeffrey during this magazine's embryonic period saw it safely through a number of near abortions. In addition, they produced this marvelous and powerful narrative poem. You may know Ken through our efforts at *STAR REACH*. Jeffrey Morgan has written material for *CREEM* and *ROLLING STONE* as well as editing *STAGELIFE* and *ROXY* magazines.

SHAWN OF THE RUINS by George Henderson, illustrated by Gene Day and Jim Beveridge 21

From the ashes of the late, lamented *ORB* magazine comes this remarkable little tale. It is authored by the infamous George Henderson of the Vast Whizzbang Organization, proprietor of Memory Lane as well as a writer for *ORB* and a number of Warren magazines. Gene Day has been particularly conspicuous of late, appearing in *STAR REACH* and *GASM*, as well as in his own *STAR WARS* portfolio. A special thanks must be extended to *ORB* editor Jim Waley for making this story available to us.

DARK SIDE OF THE MOON by Tom Nesbitt and Nick Pollwko 39

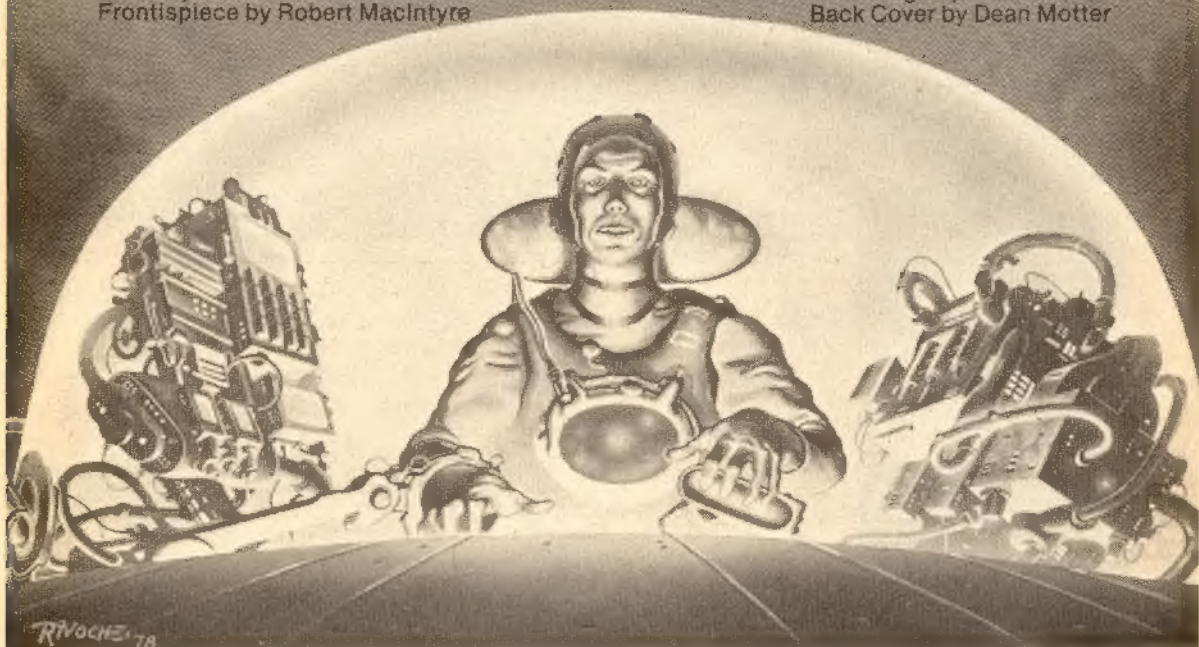
Tom and Nick are alumni of Sheridan College's comic book illustration course. You'll be seeing a lot more from these boys in these pages. When last observed, there was nothing to speak of on the moon—or is there something we don't know about?


DEAN MOTTER

ANDROMEDA Vol. 2, No. 2 June 1978. Published by Andromeda Publications, owned and operated by Silver Snail Comics, Ltd., 321 Queen Street West, Toronto, Ontario M5V 2A9. Dean Motter and Ron Van Leeuwen, associate editors. Cover © 1978 Don Marshall. Frontispiece © 1978 Robert MacIntyre. Process © 1978 A. E. Van Vogt, used with the kind permission of his agent Forrest J. Ackerman. Illustration © 1978 Iconoclast Imageworks. The Hidden Diaries © 1978 Main Artery/Triskelion and Ken Steacy. Shawn of the Ruins © 1978 Controlled Chaos. Dark Side of the Moon © 1978 Nesbitt and Pollwko. Back cover © 1978 Iconoclast Imageworks. All Rights Reserved. The stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this magazine are entirely fictional. No actual persons, living or dead, are intended or should be inferred. Founding publisher: Bill Paul. Distributed by Firefly Books, 2 Essex Avenue, Unit 5, Thornhill, Ontario, Canada. Printed in Canada.

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Contents Page by Paul Rivoche
Back Cover by Dean Motter





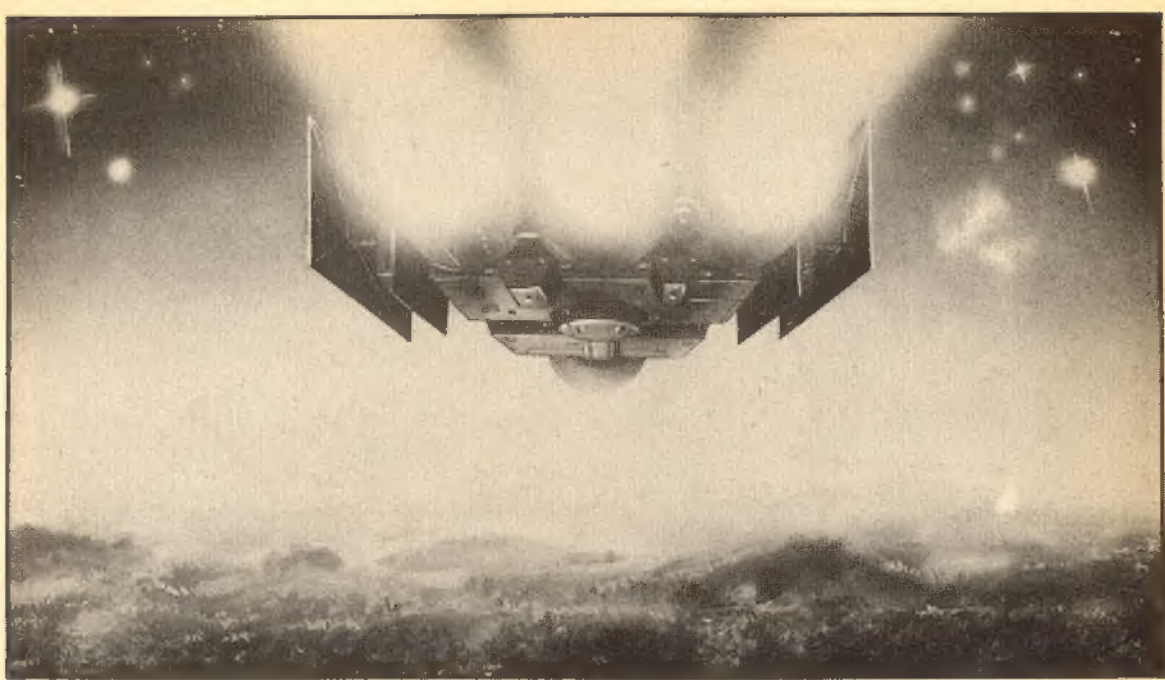
Process

Story by A. E. Van Vogt. Illustrated by Dean Motter.



IN THE bright light of that far sun, the forest breathed and had its being. It was aware of the ship that had come down through the thin mists of the upper air. But its automatic hostility to the alien thing was not immediately accompanied by alarm.

For tens of thousands of square miles, its roots entwined under the ground, and its millions of treetops swayed gently in a thousand idle breezes. And beyond, spreading over the hills and the mountains, and along almost endless sea coast, were other forests as strong and as powerful as itself.

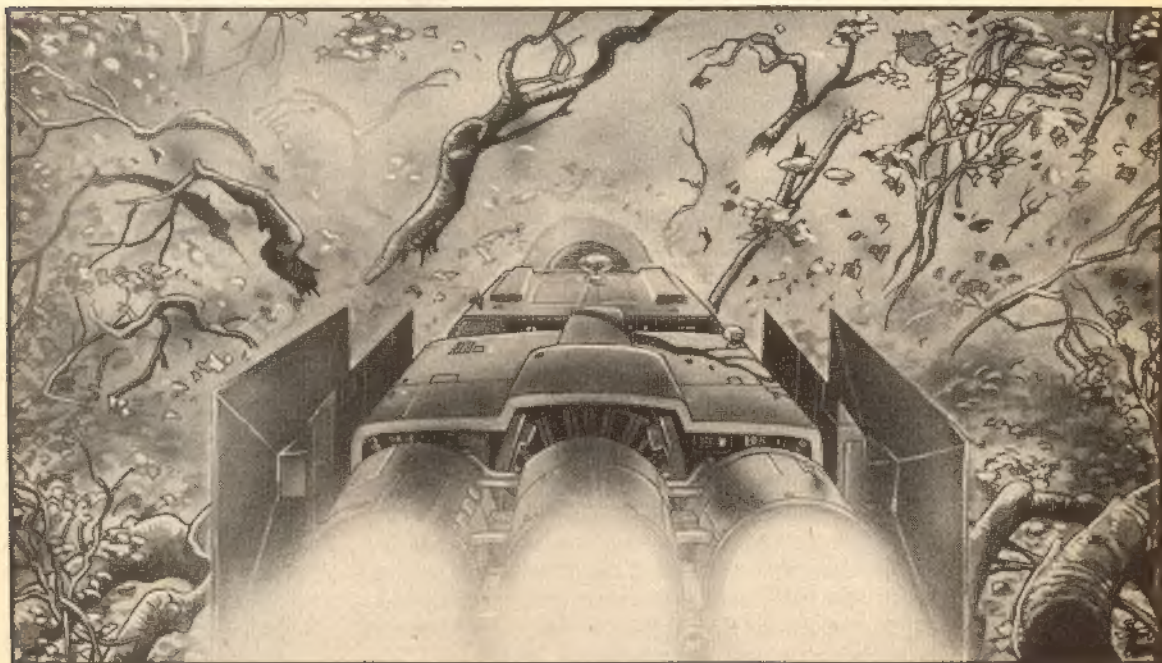


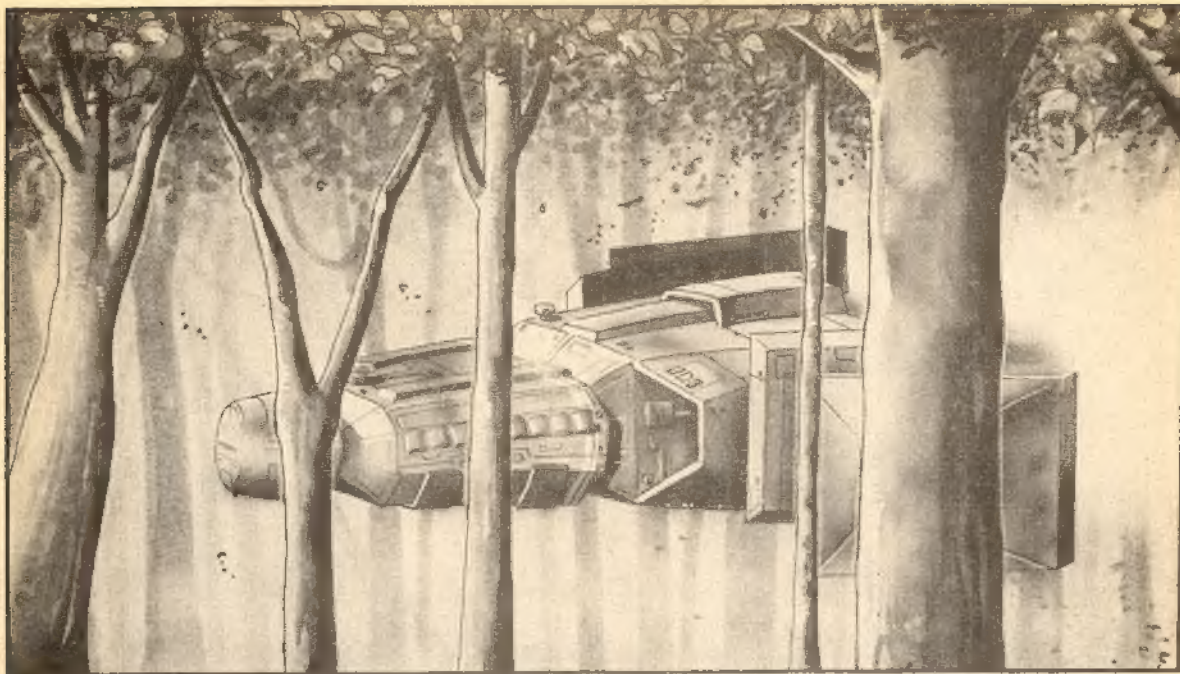
From time immemorial the forest had guarded the land from a dimly understood danger. What that danger was it began now slowly to remember. It was from ships like this, that descended from the sky. The forest could not recall clearly how it had defended itself in the past, but it did remember tensely that defense had been necessary.

It had not long to wait.

The vastness of that tremor, affecting as it did all the trees, gradually created a sound and a pressure. At first it was almost impalpable, like a breeze wafting through an evergreen glen. But it grew stronger.

It acquired substance. The sound became all-enveloping. And the whole forest stood there vibrating its hostility, waiting for the thing in the sky to come nearer.

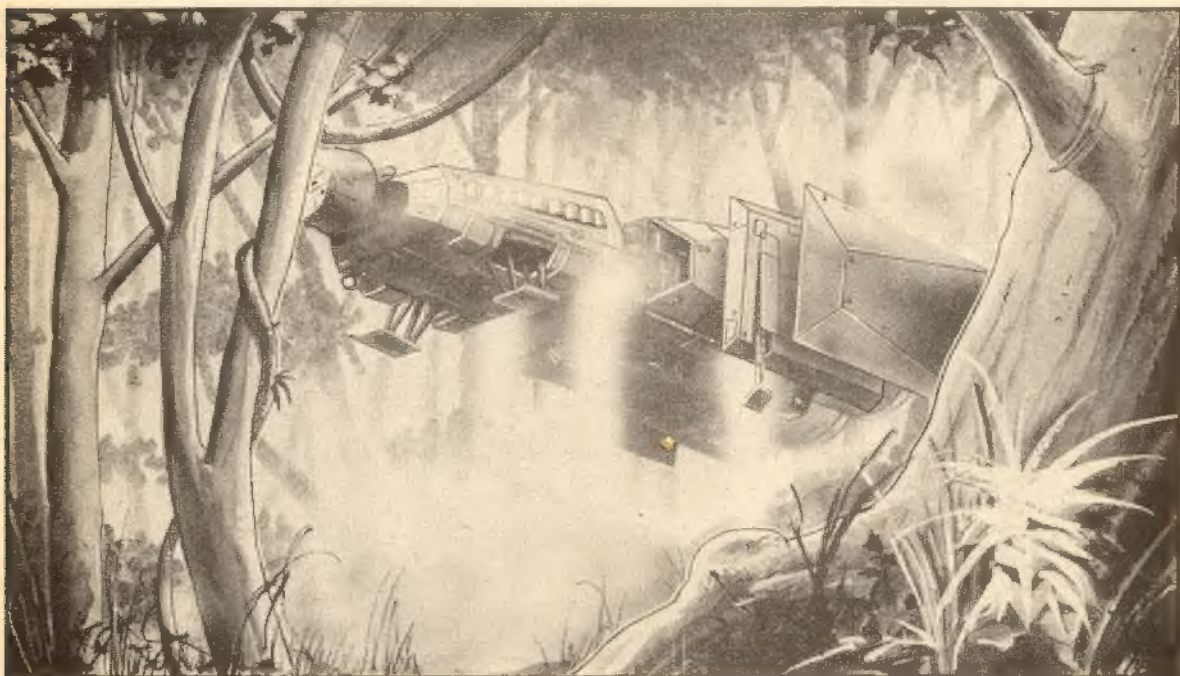


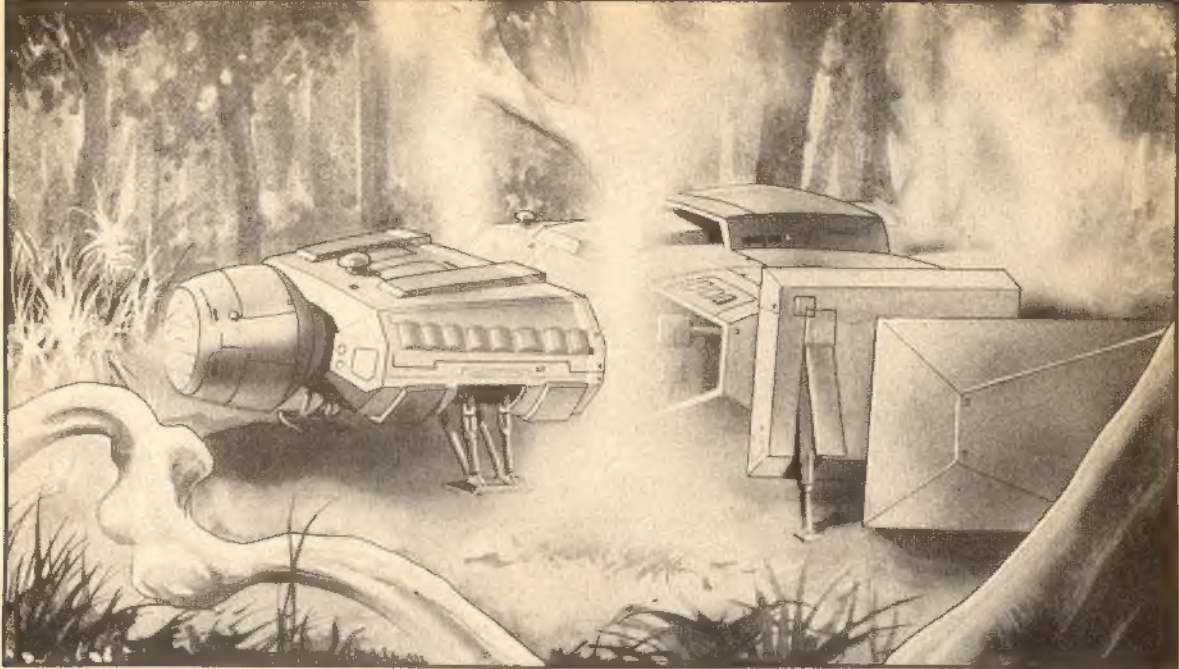


Down came the ship, cutting its own path through a forest that groaned and shrieked with its passage. It settled heavily into the ground two miles after it first touched a tree. Behind, the swath of broken trees quivered and pulsed in the light of the sun, a straight path of destruction which—the forest suddenly remembered—was exactly what had happened in the past.

It began to pull clear of the anguished parts. It drew out its juices, and ceased vibrating in the affected areas. Later, it would send new growth to replace what had been destroyed, but now it accepted the partial death it had suffered. It knew fear.

It was a fear tinged with anger. It felt the ship lying on crushed trees, on a part of itself that was not yet dead.





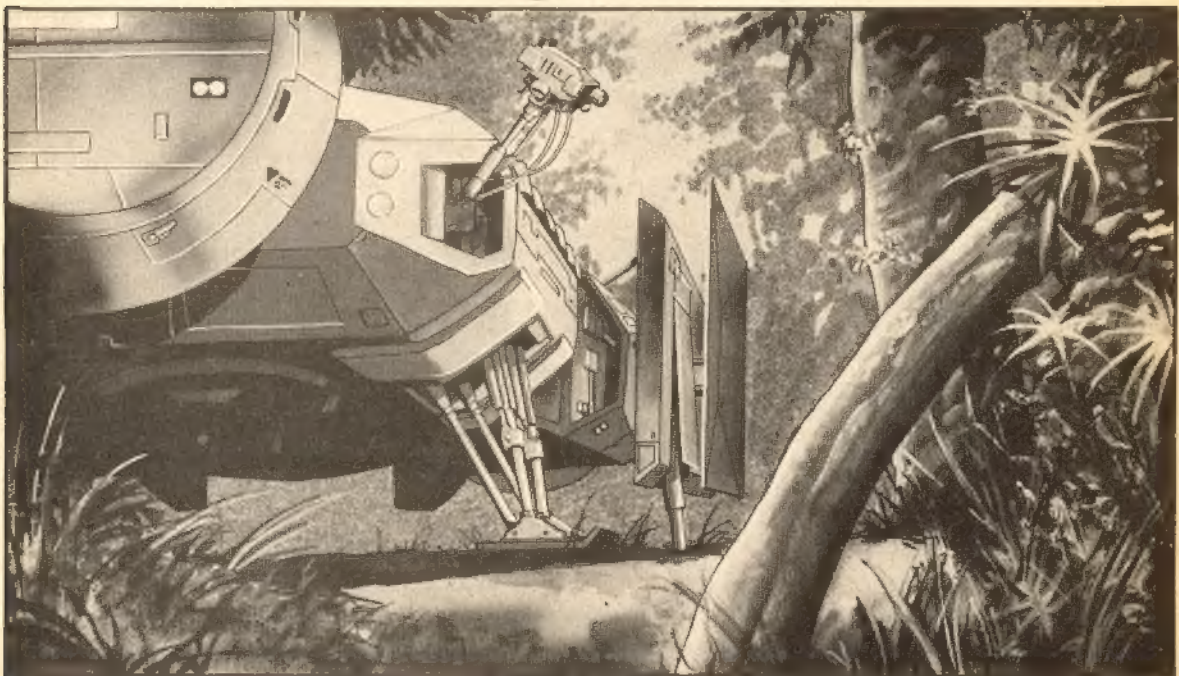
A whisper of thought pulsed along the vibration channels. *Wait, it said, there is a memory in me. A memory of long ago when other such ships as this came.*

The memory refused to clarify. Tense but uncertain, the forest prepared to make its first attack. It began to grow around the ship.

Long ago it had discovered the power of growth that was possible to it. There

was a time when it had not been as large as it was now. And then, one day, it became aware that it was coming near another forest like itself.

The two masses of growing wood approached each other warily, slowly, in amazement, in a startled but cautious wonder that a similar life form should actually have existed all this time. Approached, touched—and fought for years.





During that prolonged struggle nearly all growth in the central portions stopped. Trees ceased to develop new branches. The leaves, by necessity, grew hardier, and performed their functions for much longer periods. Roots developed slowly. The entire available strength of the forest was concentrated in the processes of defense and attack.

Walls of trees sprang up overnight.

Enormous roots tunneled into the ground for miles straight down, breaking through rock and metal, building a barrier of living wood against the encroaching growth of the strange forest. The forest accepted the obstacle created by its enemy.

The limits of demarcation became as natural as the great salt sea to the south, or the icy cold of mountaintops that were frozen the year round.

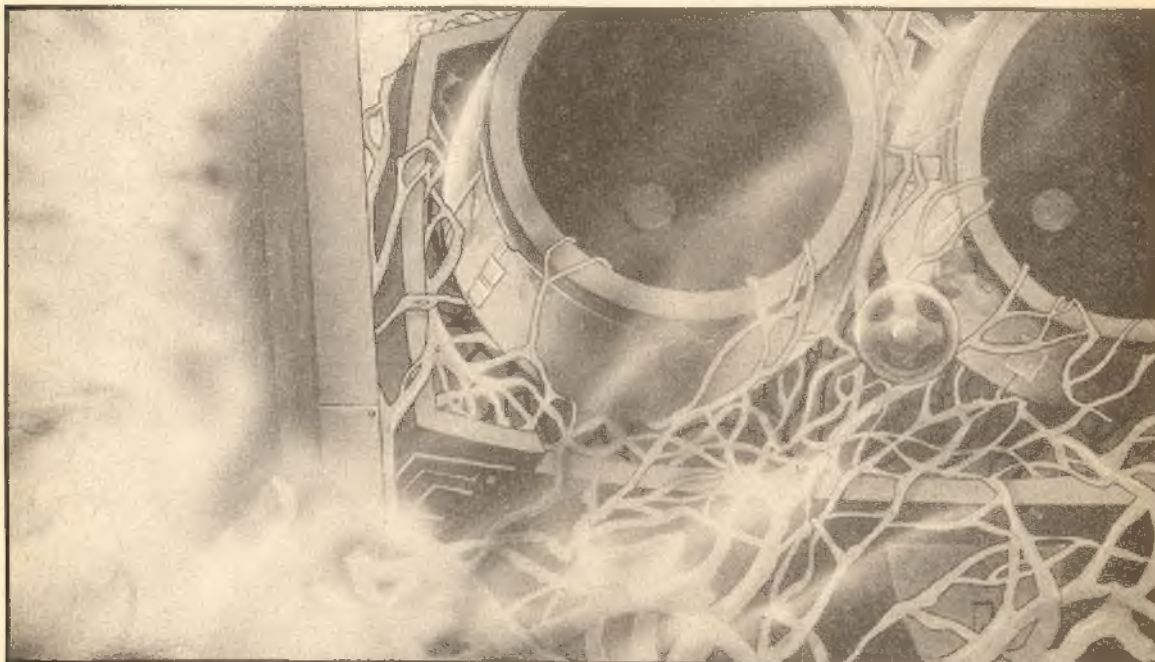




As it had in battle with the other forest, *the* forest concentrated its entire strength against the encroaching ship. Trees shot up at the rate of a foot every few minutes. Creepers climbed the trees, and flung themselves over the top of the vessel. The countless strands of it raced over the metal, and then twined themselves around the trees on the far side. The roots of those trees dug deeper

into the ground, and anchored in rock strata heavier than any ship ever built. The tree boles thickened, and the creepers widened till they were enormous cables.

As the light of that first day faded into twilight, the ship was buried under thousands of tons of wood, and hidden in foliage so thick that nothing of it was visible.

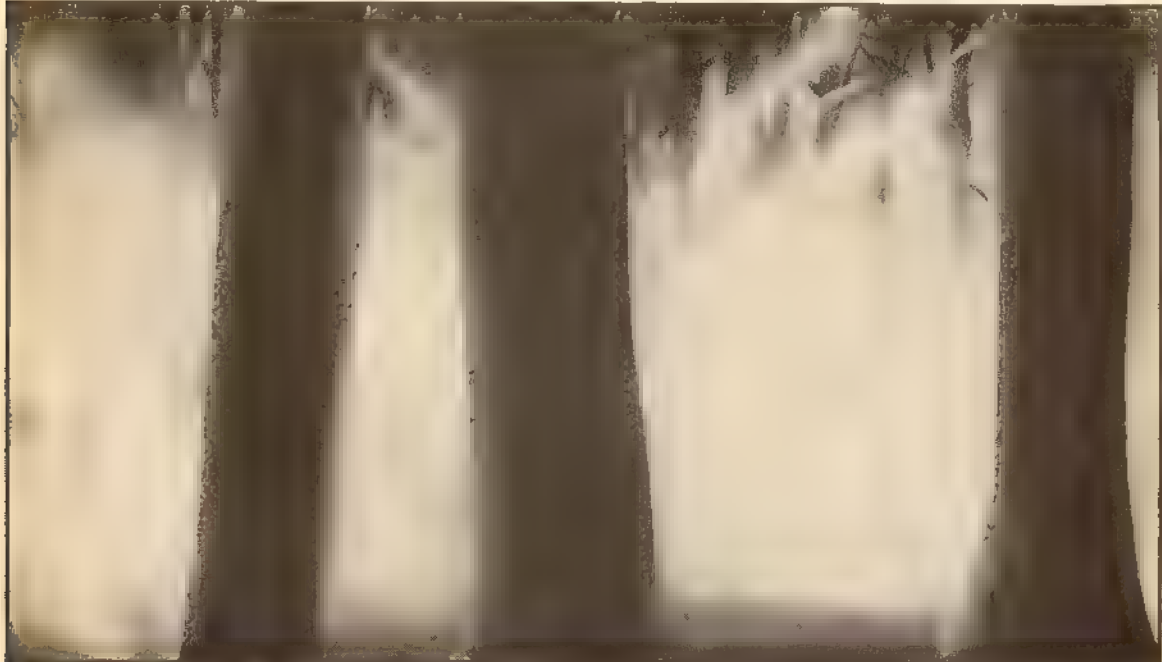


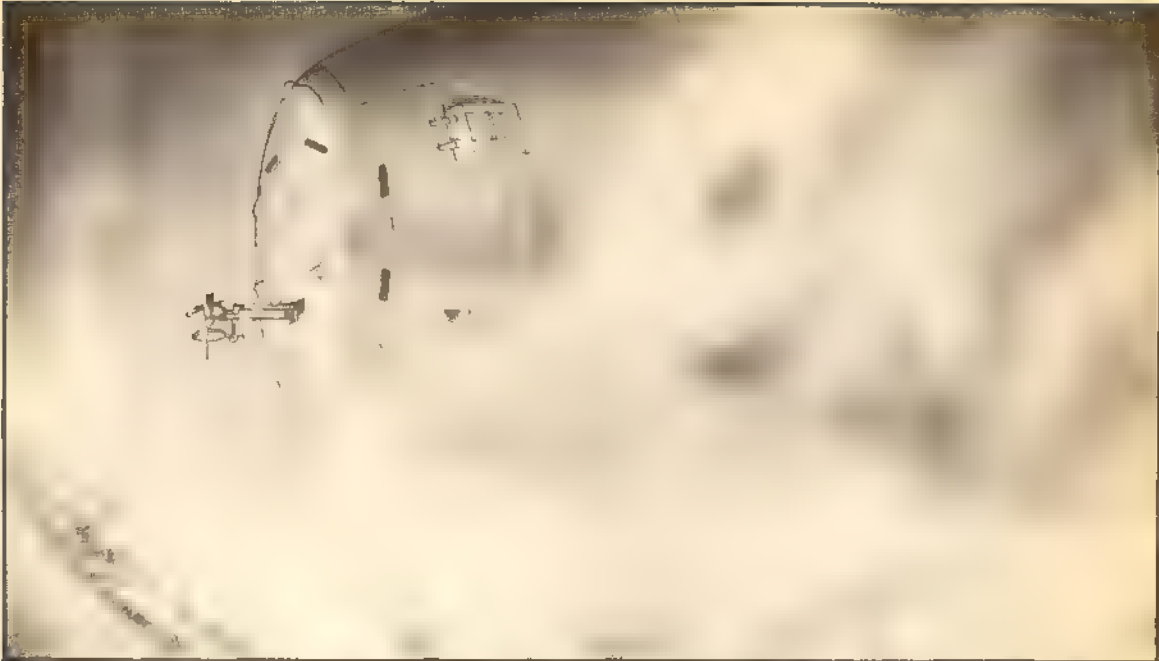


It was at that time, almost as if it had been waiting for this stage, that the ship took counteraction. The metal grew warm, then hot, and then cherry red. That was all that was needed. The tiny roots shriveled, and died. The larger roots near the metal burned slowly as the searing heat reached them

Above the surface, other violence began. Flame darted from a hundred orifices of the ship's surface. First the

creepers, then the trees began to burn. It was no flare-up of uncontrollable fire, no fierce conflagration leaping from tree to tree in irresistible fury. Long ago, the forest had learned to control fires started by lightning or spontaneous combustion. It was a matter of sending sap to the affected area. The greener the tree, the more sap that permeated it, then the hotter the fire would have to be.





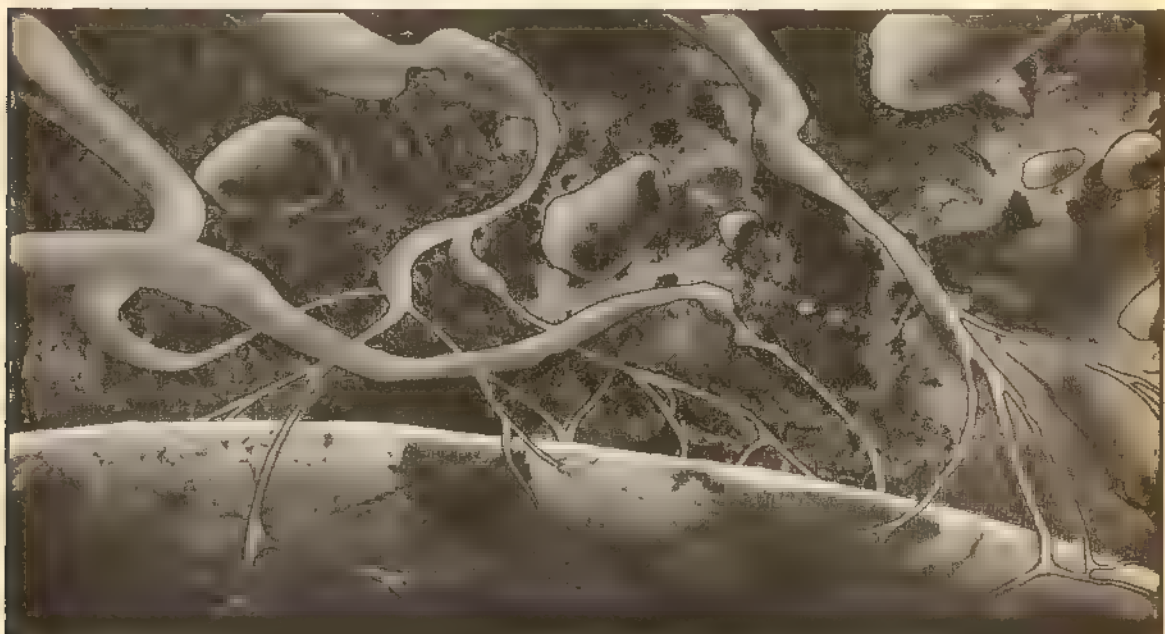
The forest could not immediately remember ever having encountered a fire that could make inroads against a line of trees that oozed a sticky wetness from every crevice of their bark.

But this fire could. It was different. It was not only flame; it was energy.

The fact at last brought the associational memory to the forest. It was a sharp and unmistakable remembrance of what it had done long ago to rid itself and its planet of a ship like this.

It began to withdraw from the vicinity of the ship.

Tens of thousands of roots grew toward rock and soil formations that they had carefully avoided since the last ship had come. In spite of the need for haste, the process itself was slow. Tiny roots, quivering with unpleasant anticipation, forced themselves into the remote, buried ore beds, and by an intricate process of osmosis drew grains of pure metal from the impure stuff.



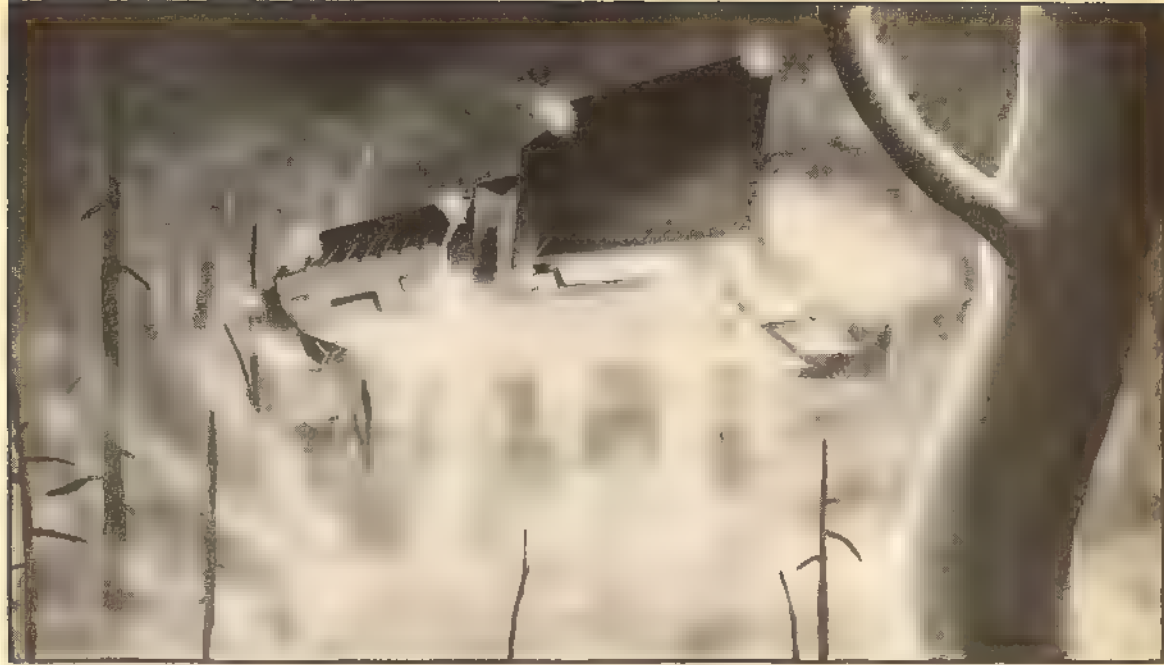


The grains were small enough to be borne along, suspended in sap, through larger roots.

Soon there were thousands of grains moving along the channels, then millions. And, though each was tiny in itself, the soil where they were discharged soon sparked in the light of the dying fire. As the sun of that world reared up over the horizon, the silvery gleam showed a hundred feet wide all around the ship.

It was shortly after noon that the machine showed awareness of what was happening. A dozen hatches opened, and objects floated out of them. They came down to the ground, and began to skim up the silvery stuff with nozzled things that sucked up the fine dust in a steady fashion. They worked with great caution; but an hour before darkness set in again, they had scooped up more than twelve tons of the thinly spread uranium 235.





The first awareness of the situation came to the forest as the roots deep under the ship reported a sudden lessening of pressure. It was several hours before it decided that the enemy had actually been driven off. And several more hours went by before it realized that the uranium dust still on the scene would have to be removed. The rays spread too far afield.

The accident that occurred then took

place for a very simple reason. The forest had taken the radioactive substance out of rock. To get rid of it, it need merely put it back into the nearest rock beds, particularly the kind of rock that absorbed the radioactivity. To the forest the situation seemed as obvious as that.

An hour after it began to carry out the plan, the explosion mushroomed toward outer space.







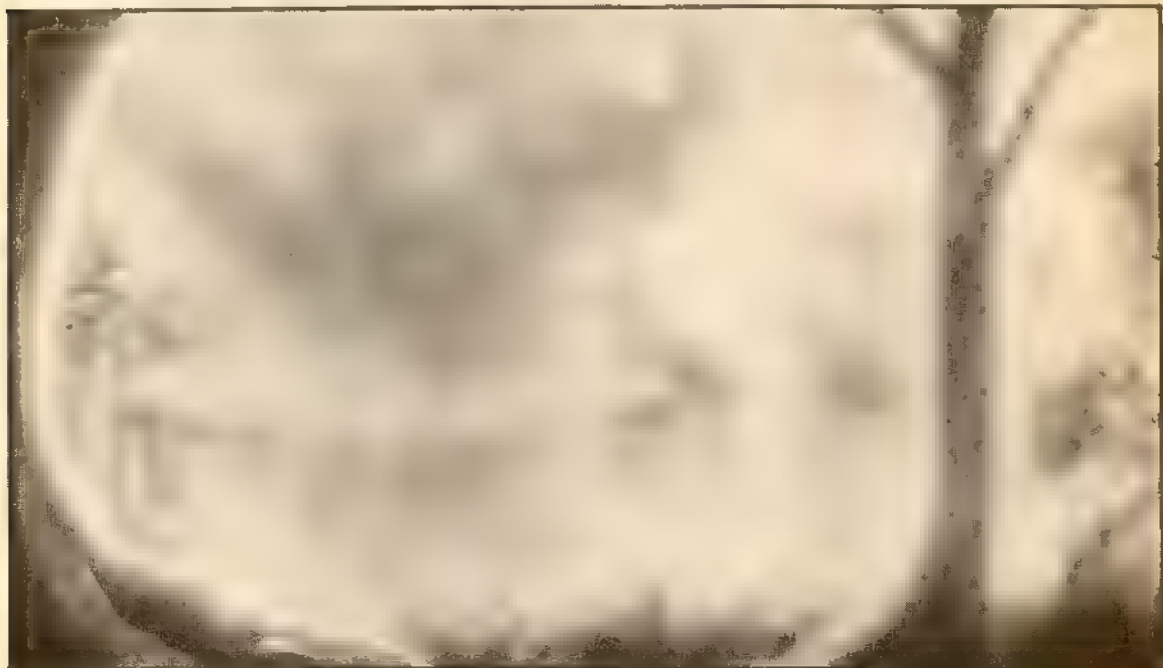
It was vast beyond all the capacity of the forest to understand. It neither saw nor heard that colossal shape of death. What it did experience was enough. A hurricane leveled square miles of trees. The blast of heat and radiation started fires that took hours to put out.

Fear departed slowly, as it remembered that this too had happened before. Sharper by far than the memory was the vision of the possibilities of what had

happened, the nature of opportunity

Shortly after dawn the following morning, it launched its attack. Its victim was the forest which—according to its faulty recollection—had originally invaded its territory.

The enemy, reacting normally, brought up its reserve of sap. When it was fully committed to the gigantic task of growing a new barrier, the bombs started to go off again.





It took months for the forest to grow into the territory of its defeated enemy, to squeeze out the other's dying roots, and to put itself into full possession.

The moment the task was completed, it turned like a fury upon the forest on its other flank.

The resulting explosions effortlessly destroyed its main sap supply. And, since it did not understand what was happening, it was lost from that moment.


Once more it attacked with atomic thunder, and with a hail of fire tried to overwhelm its opponent.

It was met by equal force.

For its knowledge had leaked across the barrier of intertwined roots which separated forests.

Almost, the two monsters destroyed each other. Each became a remnant, that started the painful process of re-growth.



A sepia-toned photograph of a forest. The trees are mostly bare, with some dark, gnarled trunks and branches visible against a light, misty or smoky background. The overall mood is somber and atmospheric.

AS THE years passed, the memory of what had happened grew dim. Not that it mattered. Actually, the ships came at will. And somehow, even if the forest remembered, its atomic bombs would not go off in the presence of a ship.

The only thing that would drive away the ships was to surround each machine with a fine dust of radioactive stuff. Whereupon it would scoop up the material, and then hastily retreat.

Victory was always as simple as that

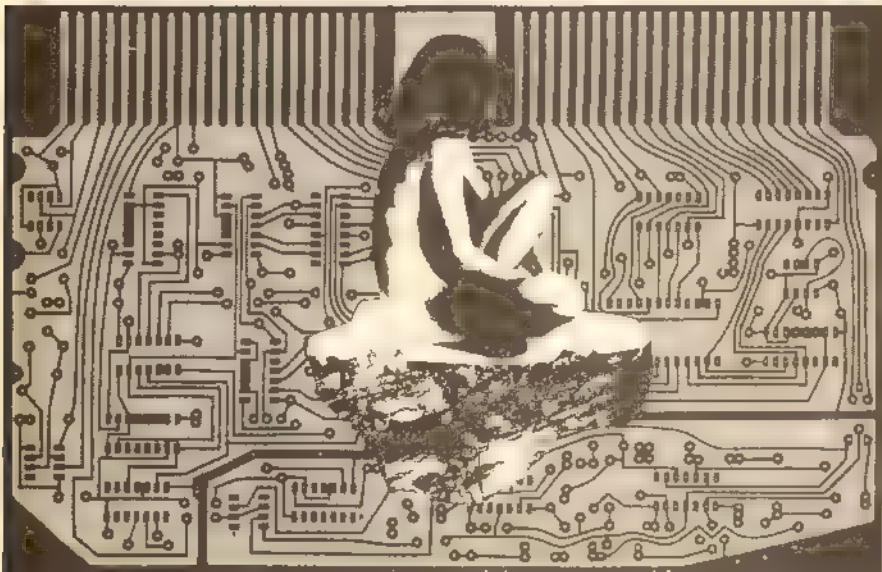


Process

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THE
HIDDEN
DIARIES.
VOLUME
ONE/
CHAPTER
ONE:
SHE
CONFRONTS
REALITY
AND
IS
BETRAYED.



Foolish?
Yes.
Failed
to keep
up my end of
the conversation
and look where I
am now: three
weeks late for
dinner and
still at a
loss for
words.



An
incessant
insomniac,
I kept my
dreams at a
minimum---and
then, only
at a distance
where I could
watch them
undisturbed
and make
notes.

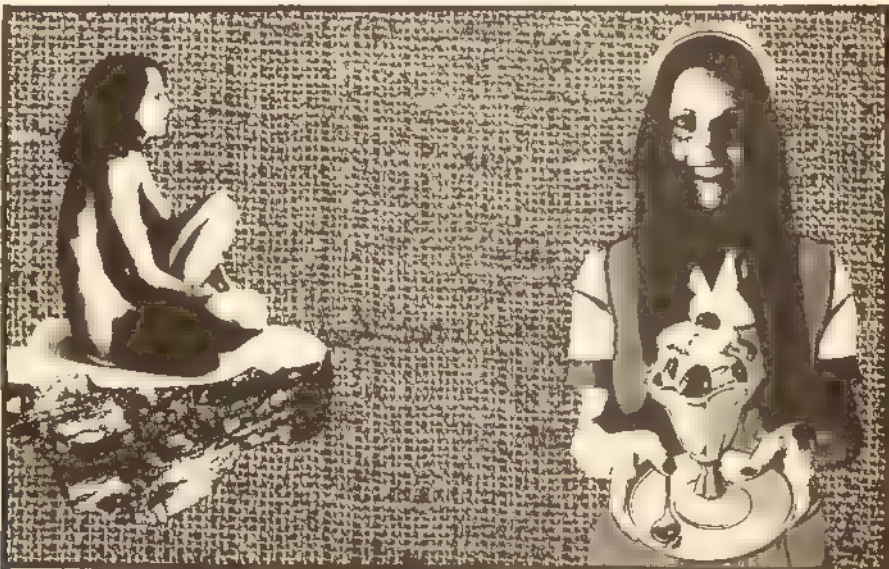
I prided
myself on
those notes
(with their
careful
calligraphied
construction),
and was prone
to define my-
self in their
lucid,
nocturnal
meanings.



Cross indexing
key symbols
for future
reference, I
gave my life
a reading
unlike any
other inter-
pretation;
semeiological,
expressionistic
or
impressionistic.



Mine
was
mine
alone.





One morning, upon consulting my notes for solutions, I found them to be vague, unspecific, cluttered; the stuff of dreams.



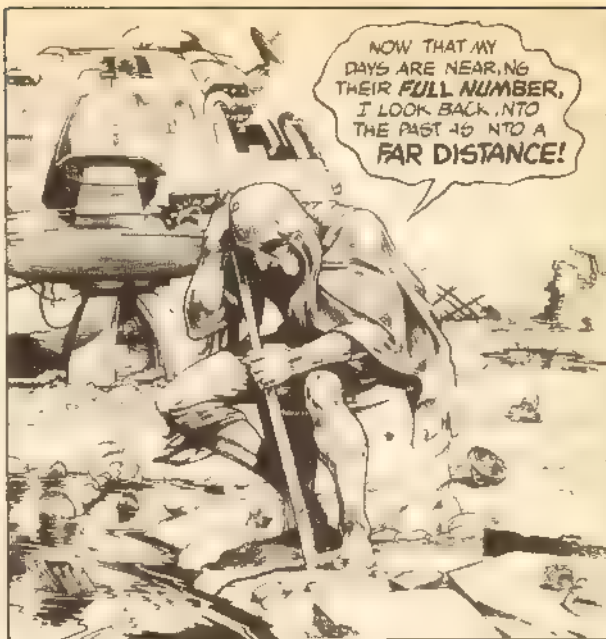
I saw all there was, and I see more.



ONE CANNOT LOOK INTO THE FUTURE,
BUT ONE MAY MEDITATE UPON THE
PAST, AND IN SO DOING, LIVE AGAIN.

SHAWN OF THE BURNING

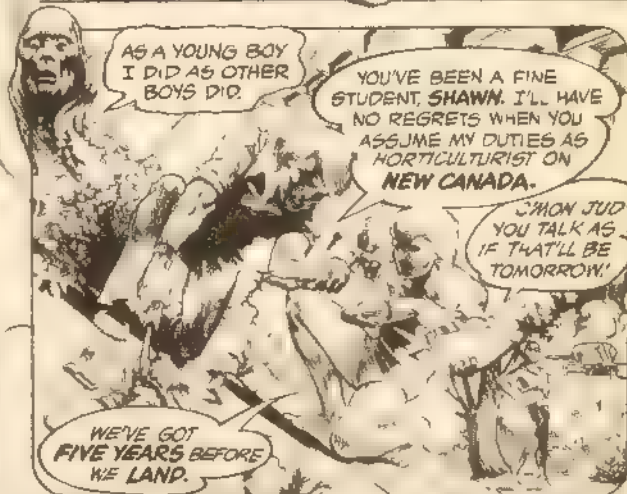
OF ALL THE
PEOPLE OF CANADA
I, SHAWN, AM THE
OLDEST!



NOW THAT MY
DAYS ARE NEAR, NG
THEIR **FULL NUMBER**,
I LOOK BACK INTO
THE PAST AS INTO A
FAR DISTANCE!



NOW THAT I AM **VERY OLD**,
I MAY SPEAK WITH **FREEDOM**.



AS A YOUNG BOY
I DID AS OTHER
BOYS DID.

YOU'VE BEEN A FINE
STUDENT, SHAWN. I'LL HAVE
NO REGRETS WHEN YOU
ASSUME MY DUTIES AS
HORTICULTURIST ON
NEW CANADA.

'SHON JUD'
YOU TALK AS
IF THAT'LL BE
TOMORROW!

WE'VE GOT
FIVE YEARS BEFORE
WE LAND.

I LEARNED MUCH FROM JUD, THE MAKER OF FOOD. HE WAS SOMEHOW DIFFERENT FROM THE OTHER MEN.

YOU SEEM TROUBLED, SHAWN. ANYTHING I CAN HELP YOU WITH?

NO NOT REALLY, BUT I WAS JUST WONDERING

...WHY WAS I THE ONLY BOY CHOSEN TO MAKE THE JOURNEY TO NEW CANADA? IT'S BEEN A YEAR SINCE BLAST OFF AND I MISS MY FRIENDS BACK ON EARTH!

THERE WAS THAT ABOUT JUD WHICH BOUND ME TO HIM, I EVEN WENT SO FAR AS TO MATE HIS WAY

DON'T DO AS I DO, DO AS I SAY. NOW LET'S TRY THAT AGAIN. LEFT FOOT FORWARD..

SORRY ABOUT THAT!

I WAS THINKING ABOUT THE SURPRISE YOU PROMISED ME TOMORROW!

BUT THERE WERE TIMES HE WOULD DISAPPEAR FOR DAYS.. FOR REASONS HE NEVER REVEALED!... ONCE I SAW HIM GO OFF AND STEALTHILY FOLLOWED HIM

I DISAGREE! MARIA HAS REACHED PUBERTY SHAWN IS AT LEAST A YEAR BEHIND HER. IT'S TOO EARLY!

BULL! SHAWN MAY BE YOUNG BUT HE'S QUITE CAPABLE OF FUNCTIONING AS A MAN!

BUT CURIOSITY AND SURPRISE BETTERED CAUTION—AND JUD DISCOVERED ME! AFTER A LONG CHASE HE CAUGHT ME AND THRASHED ME UNTIL THE BLOOD FLOWED

YOU LITTLE IDIOT! YOU'LL RUIN EVERYTHING!

BUT JUD! WHO ARE THEY?

WHEN JUD ANSWERED MY QUESTION, I FOUND THE WORDS STRANGE TO MY EARS

SHAWN, THIS IS MARIA. YOU'LL BE SEEING A LOT OF EACH OTHER FROM NOW ON.

SO IT CAME ABOUT THAT
AS FAR AS MIGHT BE, I
BECAME A MAN...

YOU'RE QUITE
HANDSOME,
YOU KNOW.

CUT IT OUT,
WILL YOU! JUST
BECAUSE WE'RE
ENGAGED DOESN'T
MEAN YOU CAN
PAW ME!

AS TIME WENT ON,
I FOUND JUD
ACCEPTED ME
AS AN EQUAL

LOOKS GOOD TO
ME. WHAT DOES THE
COMPUTER SAY ABOUT
IT?

WHAT DO
YOU THINK,
SHAWN?

THE AIR'S BREATHABLE
AND THERE'S MINIMAL
RADIATION, BUT WE
CAN'T SEEM TO GET
ANY LIFE READINGS.

I'VE GOT ALL
THE LIFE READINGS
WE NEED. MEDIC SAYS
I'M CARRYING
TWINN!

THEN CAME THE TIME OF LEAVING

WE'VE BEEN TOLD WHAT TO
EXPECT. JUST THINK OF NEW
CANADA AS BEING A GARDEN
WAITING TO BE TILLED
AND PLANTED.

BUT JUD'S WORDS
WERE EMPTY WHEN
MET WITH THE
HEAT AND DROUGHT
OF THE PLANET

MY GOD!
NO! NOOOO!

JUD! IT'S
IMPOSSIBLE!
B-BUT...

WE'RE BACK
ON EARTH!

NOT BACK, SHAWN! WE
NEVER LEFT! WE'VE BEEN
ORBITING EARTH FOR
YEARS WAITING FOR THE
RADIATION TO
SUBSIDE!

MY **END** WILL
COME
SOON.

THERE IN THE DISTANCE WHICH
TIME MAKES, THERE WAS A YOUNG
MAN—I AM HE. THAT FACT MUST
NEVER LEAVE MY THOUGHTS.

IT'S HARD TO
BELIEVE WE'RE THE
ONLY ONES LEFT!

SHUSH!
IT'S ENOUGH
THAT WE'RE
ALIVE.

THEN I, SHAWN OF THE RUNGS, WAS
TAUGHT THE MEANING OF FEAR

FROM NOW ON WE'LL EACH
CARRY ONE OF **THESE!**

**YOU
MEAN?**

YES

... WE'VE
PICKED UP
LIFE READINGS!
OF WHAT I DON'T
KNOW!

FEAR NOT ONLY OF THE
BEASTS, BUT OF THE
PROTECTORS, THE
OTHERS WHO HAD
JOURNEYED WITH
US TO CANADA


DO NOT PANIC!
THE **SURVIVORS**
HAVE BEEN **DISCOVERED**
AND **OBSERVED**. YOU
WILL NOT BE HARMED
IF YOU REMAIN UNDER
OUR CONTROL!

UNDER YOUR CONTROL! BY
WHOSE AUTHORITY? YOUR **PRIME**
DIRECTIVE DOES NOT PERMIT
DIRECT INTERFERENCE
IN OUR AFFAIRS!

OUR **PRIME DIRECTIVE** CAN BE
AMENDED TO COVER **UNUSUAL CIRCUMSTANCES!**
THE **YOUNG ONES** MUST BE **PROTECTED!**

YOU **OLD ONES**
ARE **BARREN...**
EXPENDABLE! IT'S BEST
YOU GO YOUR OWN WAY.

THE LEAVING OF JUD AND HIS WOMAN SAT HEAVY ON MY HEART. THEY WERE AS BLOOD OF MY BLOOD, FLESH OF MY FLESH.



DON'T TALK LIKE THAT! I'LL BE WITH YOU EVERY MINUTE OF THE WAY.

SHAWN! I'M FRIGHTENED! WHO'S GOING TO BE WITH ME DURING **CHILDBIRTH?**

SHAWN' I'M
FRIGHTENED.' WHO'S
GO NG TO BE WITH
ME DURING
CHILDBIRTH?

BUT THE SORROW I WAS AS ONE POSSESSED, I HAD JOINED WITH MY WOMAN AND THE FRUIT OF OUR LOVE WOULD BE HARVESTED.

IT WON'T BE MUCH LONGER SEE' YOU I CAN FEEL THEM KICKING!

DOES ...DOES IT HURT?

SILLY' OF COURSE IT HURTS! BUT ITS BEAUTIFUL!

DOES
..DOES IT
HURT?

BUT THE HOUR OF LIFE GIVING WAS NOT TO BE A HAPPY ONE..

IT'S IMPERATIVE THAT YOU RETURN TO THE SHIP. YOU WILL COME WITH US NOW!

IT'S IMPERATIVE
THAT YOU **RETURN** TO
THE **SHIP**. YOU WILL
COME WITH US **NOW!**

PROTECTORS!
HIDE THE
YOUNG ONES!
MUTANT
ATTACK!

SHAWN! MARIA!
GET BACK! YOU'RE
THE LAST HOPE!

JUD:
IT'S JUD
WE'LL
SAVE
YOU!

AND DEATH!

THE SURVIVORS!
BEWARE THE
SURVIVORSSSS



THE SURVIVORS!
BEWARE THE
SURVIVORSSSS

AND THEN THE
FINAL HORROR...

RRRAHH!!

SHAWN!
IT'S
TIME!

DO SOMETHING!
GET US OUT OF
HERE! SHE'S
STARTING
...

CONDITION RED!
CONDITION RED! THE
YOUNG ONES ARE
IN JEOPARDY!

TO GIVE
BIRTH!

THE PROTECTORS PROCEEDED TO LIVE UP TO
THEIR NAMES ...DESTROYING THE RAIDING
PARTY WITH COLD, HEARTLESS EFFICIENCY...

FASTER!
FASTER!

THE ONLY
CONCERN
WAS FOR MARIA...
AND OUR
CHILDREN

IT GNAWS AT MY GUTS, THIS MEMORY ...THE
PAIN ON MY LOVED ONE'S FACE!

OH, GOD!
LET THEM BE
ALIVE!

A PAIN I WOULD GLADLY HAVE SHARED...

MARIA!
DON'T LEAVE
ME! PLEASE
DON'T LEAVE
ME!!

AND WHEN SHE
DIED, SO
DIED I!

THE FEMALE HAS CEASED TO EXIST!

FROM THAT MOMENT ON, MY LIFE
WAS EMPTY OF MEANING...

THEY ARE
IMPERFECT.
THEIR **LIFE**
SPAN WILL BE
SHORT. NOT
MORE THAN
ANOTHER
OF YOUR
DAYS

IT'S...IT'S A
NIGHTMARE. I
CAN'T BELIEVE IT'S
ACTUALLY HAPPENING
TO **ME!**

BUT I CONTINUED TO LIVE,
EVEN AS BEFORE

THE FLOWERS
ARE FOR THE **GRAVES.**
LEAVE THE VEGETABLES
BEHIND THE HOUSE. .

I'LL DO THE
PLANTING MYSELF!

FOR ONE CANNOT
DIE UNTIL HE'S LIVED
EACH OF HIS DAYS
ONE BY ONE.

WILL YOU BLOODY
IDIOTS GET LOST.' IF I'VE
TOLD YOU ONCE I'VE
TOLD YOU A THOUSAND
TIMES...

...I DON'T WANT
YOU TO
PROTECT
ME!

AND LIVE THEN I DID.
THOUGH SOME WOULD SAY
I WAS MAD.

HEY!
BEASTIES!
COME AND
GET ME!

STOP! YOU ARE
THE LAST! WE MUST
PROTECT YOU!

WHAT'S
WRONG,
BUSTER?

ARE YOU BEGINNING
TO FIND OUT WHAT IT'S
LIKE BEING
USELESS?

WE...MUST
SERVE
...

I LOOK BACK
INTO THE PAST AS
INTO A FAR
DISTANCE

WHAT'S **WRONG**
WITH THEM? IT'S AS
IF THEY'VE **DIED**
STANDING UP!
WELL?

THEY...HAVE...
CEASED...TO...
FUNCTION...



I AM A
CRACKED
CUP..



...A
DISCARDED
GARMENT..



...A
BROKEN
WEAPON..



MY PEOPLE
HAVE GONE YOU
HAVE INHERITED
THE EARTH.



I WAIT CALMLY FOR **THE END.**



COMPUTER READOUT
AG4... OCTOBER 12, 1998
... CONTINUE TEST FLIGHT
PATTERN... PRELIMINARY
OBSERVATIONS MADE...
ORBITAL PROCEDURES
CHECKED THRU COMPUTER
CHANNEL RG4, LUNAR
ORBIT ON PROPER CO-
ORDINATES,, LISTENS
MADE THRU COMPUTER
CHANNEL RG9...

YOU WANNA CHECK
THOSE CO-ORDINATES
STEVE?

RIGHT-O, THEY SEEM
TO WORK OUT...

COMPUTER CHANNELS OPEN,
BOB, AUDIO SWITCH IN
PREPARATION!

GET SET FOR
RADIO CUT OFF
GUYS,, FOUR
MINUTES.

HEY STEVE, SWITCH
AUDIO TO MANUAL
SHUT OFF

CHECK.

RADIO SILENCE
IN 2 MINUTES,
BOYS LETS
BREAK OUT
THE PARTY
HATS AND THE
BOOZE...

OKAY YOU JOKERS,
CUT THE CLOWNING
YOU WANNA SEND
OUT CO-ORDINATE
READINGS A-GAIE,
SOME BOZO MISSED
THEM LAST TIME...

RADIO CUT OFF IN ONE
MINUTE, FELLAS SOUND
SIGNAL WEAKENING...

WE RE USING MANUAL CUT
OFF IN TEN SECONDS HEAR
FROM YOU GUYS LATER...

CHECK-- RADIO
TRANSMISSION
TERMINATED ..



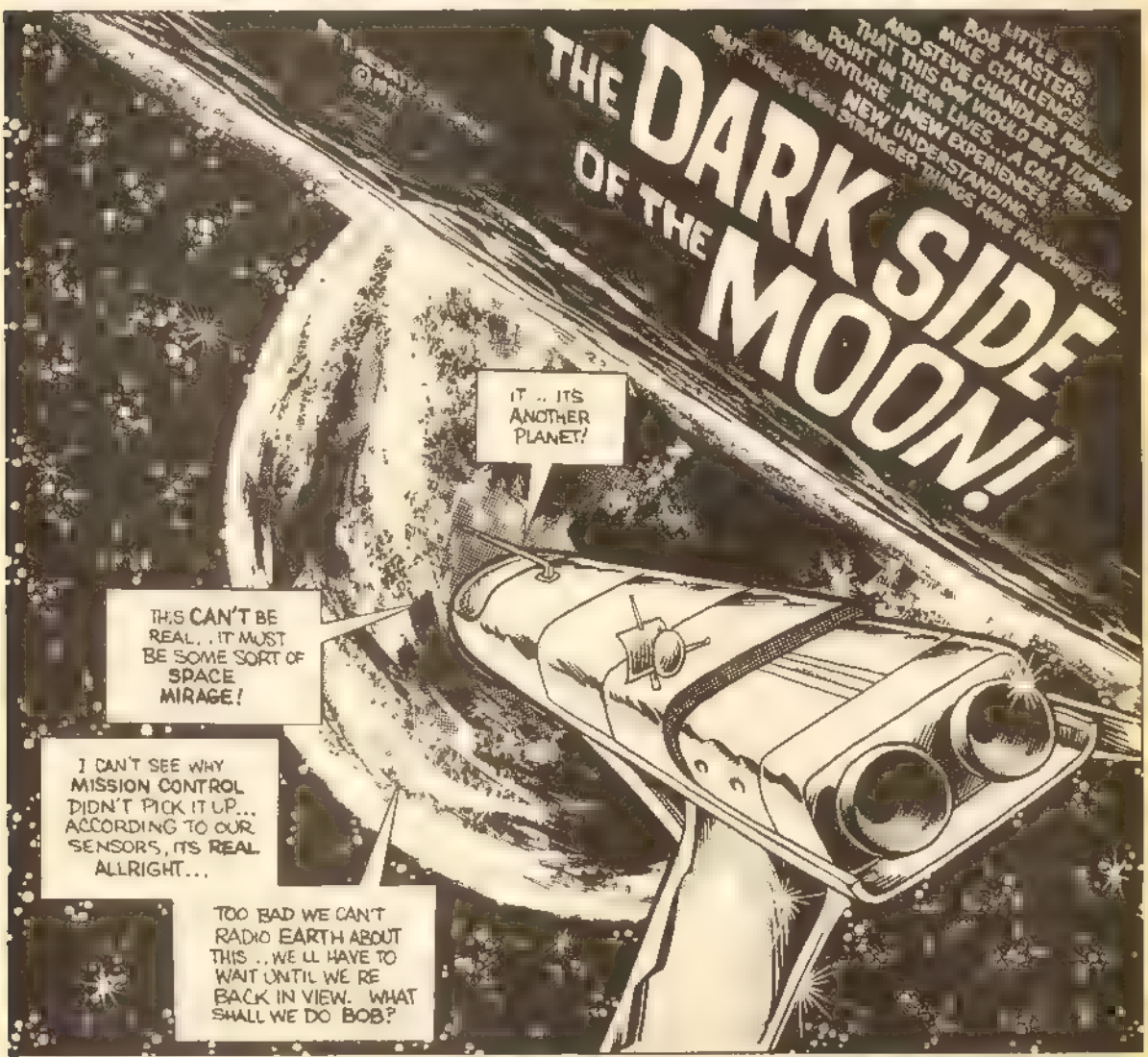
HEY BOB!
SOMETHING
ON RADAR!



TOO BIG TO BE AN-
OTHER CRAFT! LET'S
SIT TIGHT, WE'LL BE
ABLE TO SEE IT IN
A COUPLE OF MINUTES.



...OH MY
GOD!
MIKE, STEVE,
LOOK AT THIS!



THE DARK SIDE OF THE MOON!

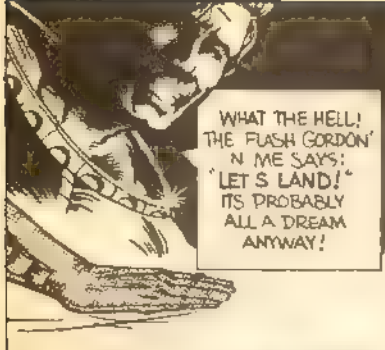
IT ... ITS
ANOTHER
PLANET!

THIS CAN'T BE
REAL... IT MUST
BE SOME SORT OF
SPACE
MIRAGE!

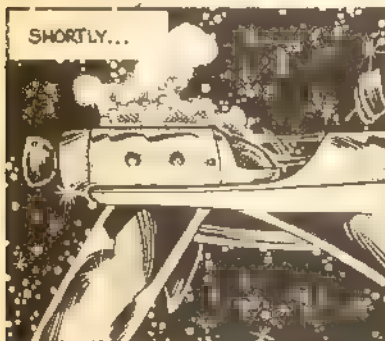
I CAN'T SEE WHY
MISSION CONTROL
DIDN'T PICK IT UP...
ACCORDING TO OUR
SENSORS, IT'S REAL
ALLRIGHT...

TOO BAD WE CAN'T
RADIO EARTH ABOUT
THIS... WE'LL HAVE TO
WAIT UNTIL WE'RE
BACK IN VIEW. WHAT
SHALL WE DO BOB?


LITTLE DID
BOB MASTERS
AND STEVE CHALLENGER
THAT THIS DAY WOULD BE A TURNING
POINT IN THEIR LIVES... A CALL TO
ADVENTURE... NEW EXPERIENCES
NEW UNDERSTANDING
BUT THEN, EVEN STRANGER THINGS HAVE HAPPENED ON...



WHAT THE HELL!
THE FLASH GORDON'
N ME SAYS:
"LET'S LAND!"
IT'S PROBABLY
ALL A DREAM
ANYWAY!

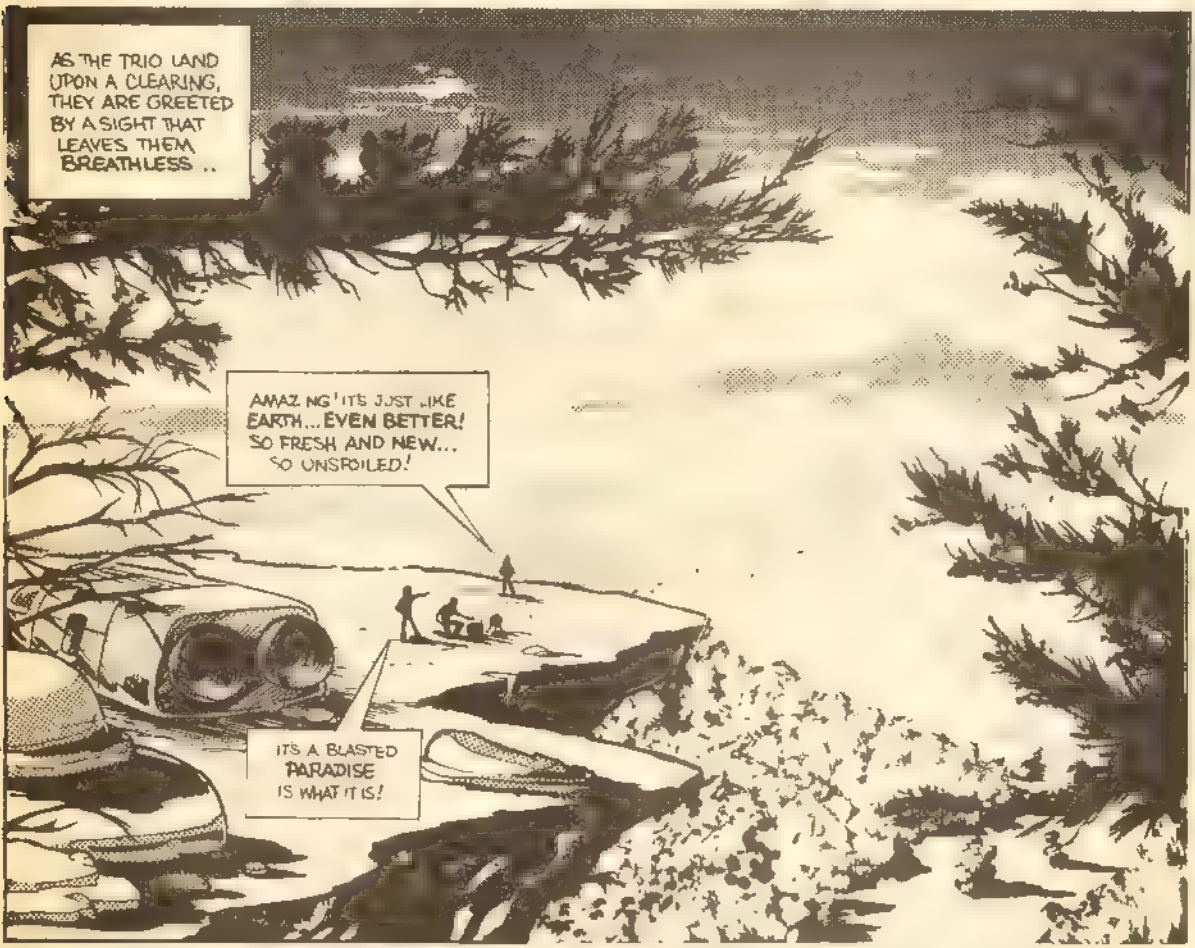


SHORTLY...



SENSORS INDICATE
THAT THE PLANET'S
ATMOSPHERE
HAS A SIMILAR
COMPOSITION TO
EARTH'S. JUST
SLIGHTLY MORE
OXYGEN!

GREAT! WE DON'T
HAVE TO WEAR OUR
SPACE GEAR!



AS THE TRIO LAND
UPON A CLEARING,
THEY ARE GREETED
BY A SIGHT THAT
LEAVES THEM
BREATHLESS ...

AMAZING! IT'S JUST LIKE
EARTH... EVEN BETTER!
SO FRESH AND NEW...
SO UNSPOILED!

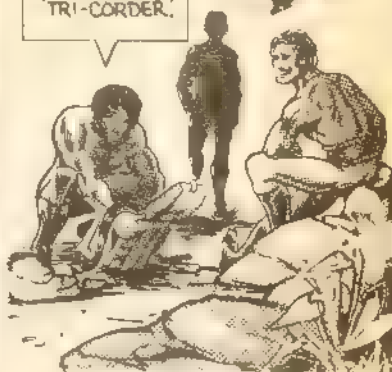
IT'S A BLASTED
PARADISE
IS WHAT IT IS!

I USED TO DREAM ABOUT PLACES
LIKE THIS WHEN I WAS A KID!
LET'S DO SOME EXPLORING,
GUYS!



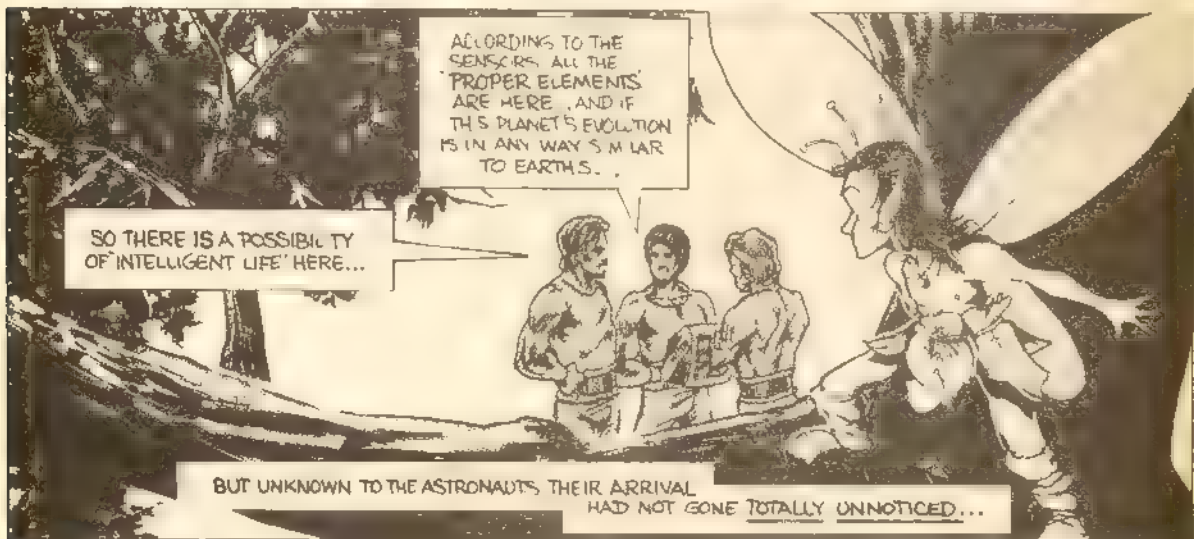
WE'LL STOP HERE A BIT MIKE,
SO YOU CAN GET SOME READINGS.

RIGHT! TIME
TO GET OUT
THE OL'
TRI-CORDER!



ACCORDING TO THE
SENSORS, ALL THE
'PROPER ELEMENTS'
ARE HERE, AND IF
THIS PLANET'S EVOLUTION
IS IN ANY WAY SIMILAR
TO EARTH'S...

SO THERE IS A POSSIBILITY
OF 'INTELLIGENT LIFE' HERE...



BUT UNKNOWN TO THE ASTRONAUTS, THEIR ARRIVAL
HAD NOT GONE TOTALLY UNNOTICED...



AND SOON, THE FOREST COMES ALIVE WITH NEWS OF THE STRANGE NEW INTRUDERS...



AND SPREADS QUICKLY

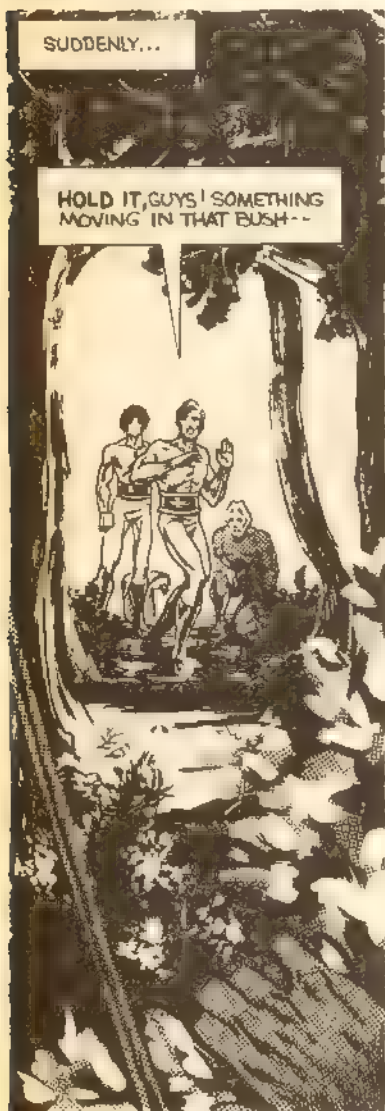


...FROM OUTPOST



RIGHT WE'LL
CHECK
IT OUT!

... TO OUTPOST



SUDDENLY...

HOLD IT, GUYS! SOMETHING
MOVING IN THAT BUSH--



THE ATTACK! STRANGE, HIDEOUS
MAN WOLVES, THE LIKE'S OF WHICH
THE HAPLESS ASTRONAUTS HAD
NEVER SEEN BEFORE! THEIR
ATTACK IS SWIFT, ANIMAL-LIKE...

YAARRG!

GAAAA!

UHH!!

STEVE!

JUST THEN--

YAHOOEY!

VARP LOADERS ON 'QUICK BURN'
BOYS! IT'S WYX OBLITERATIN'
TIME!

KISS MY LASER
MUTANT!

VZZT!

EAT DEATH
BLACK WYX
DOG!

FRANK!

FROM OUT OF THE SKIES
THEY CAME. SWOOPING
DRAGON FLY-LIKE AIR-
CRAFT, CARRYING DIM-
INUTIVE PILOTS; ARMED
WITH A VERITABLE
ARSENAL OF WEAPONS.
THE ELFIN RIDERS HAN-
DLED THEIR VESSELS
LIKE COWBOYS IN A RODEO,
DODGING AND OUT-
MANEUVERING THE
CREATURES ON THE
GROUND; ALL THE WHILE
SHOUTING THEIR CURSES
AND INSULTS. THE TINY
HARBINGERS OF DEATH
MADE SHORT WORK OF
THEIR BAFFLED OPPONENTS.

YOU GET
SECONDS
FREEKO!

ZARP!
ZARP!
ZARP!

WYXIN' TE

ALLRIGHT MATES!
IMPLEMENT 'CLEANUP
PROCEDURE #15,
AND WE CAN CALL IT
A 'DAY'.

YAY
WE'RE
VICTORS

THANK YOU YOU
SAVED OUR
LIVES! WHO—

RIGHT NOW, FROM
THE LOOKS OF THAT
WOUND WE'D BETTER
TAKE YOUR FRIEND
HERE BACK TO
CAMP.

I'D HATE YA
BETTER PLUG
'IM AGAIN!

AS FOR ME, THE
NAME'S KOPPERNOSE,
CAPT. 'KAPP' KOPPERNOSE
OF HIS MAJESTY'S
ROYAL AIR-ONATS.
YOU CAN CALL ME
'KAPP'. WELL ENOUGH
OF THE SOCIALIZING,
CLIMB ABOARD.

LATER AS THEY ENTER CAMP...

... FUNNY THEY SPEAK PERFECT
ENGLISH, INTERESTING...

OKAY STEVE, THEY CALL YA STEVE,
DON'T THEY WE'LL HAVE YA FIXED
UP IN NO TIME.

TAKE THIS ONE
TO THE INFIRMARY
QUICKLY.

AND, AT THE INFIRMARY...

THERE! THAT'S QUITE A NASTY
GASH THEY GAVE YOU. IT'S
ALL CLEANED AND DRESSED
AND SHOULD HEAL QUICKLY...

.. THAT IS, OF COURSE IF YOU
KEEP THAT ARM STILL FOR
THE NEXT FEW DAYS...

SEE YOU LATER,
ON MY NEXT
ROUNDS.

NOT TOO MUCH
LATER
I HOPE...

TEE
HEE
HEE

MEANWHILE...

...AND WE BROUGHT
THEM DIRECTLY TO
YOU, MY LORD!

THANK YOU CAPT.
KOPPERNOSE
YOU MAY GO NOW.

WELL, GENTLEMEN, IT SEEMS
YOU ARE VERY LUCKY INDEED;
FOR HAD OUR TROOPS BEEN
A SECOND LATER, YOU WOULD
NOT HAVE BEEN ALIVE TO TELL
THE TALE! OH YES MY NAME
IS OALDWUNN, MILITARY AND
SPIRITUAL LEADER OF THIS
SQUADRON OF THE 'ROYAL
AIR GNATS OF KING VOYDD,
IMPERIAL RULER OF THE
KINGDOM OF ONO AND ALL
TERRITORIES. AS FOR YOUR
QUESTIONS ABOUT 'JUST
WHAT'S GOING ON,' I SHALL
ATTEMPT TO ENLIGHTEN
YOU...

WHAT YOU WITNESSED EAR-
LIER, IS MERELY THE MINU-
TEST EXAMPLE OF THE DEATH,
DESTRUCTION AND CARNAGE
WHICH HAS TORN MY HOME-
LAND APART FOR CENTURIES!
YOU SEE, ONO HAS BEEN
AT WAR WITH A MOST
ELUSIVE ENEMY! HE IS
KNOWN AS THE
'DREADED SORCERER
OF THE WIND'; OF WHOM
VERY LITTLE IS KNOWN,
EXCEPT THAT HE WANTS
ONO FOR HIMSELF!!
AT THE PRESENT
TIME, HE HAS SUCCEEDED
IN CONQUERING...

NEARLY ALL OF THE
FOREST LAND SUR-
ROUNDING OUR BE-
LOVED CITY OF
RUBICON, THE VERY
HEART AND SOUL OF
ONONIAN CIVILIZATION
AS WE KNOW IT! IF
SHE SHOULD FALL,
THE ENTIRE KING-
DOM, INCLUDING
THE TERRITORIES
WILL FOLLOW QUICK-
LY! AS FOR THAT
BAND OF MINDLESS
RENEGADES WHO
ATTACKED YOU
EARLIER ON...

...THEY ARE THE SORCER-
OWN PRIVATE ARMY KNOWN
AS 'WYXX'. IT IS NOT KNOWN
WHERE THEY ARE FROM, BUT IT
IS THOUGHT THEY ARE THE
VILE SPAWN OF THE SORCERERS'
INFECTED MIND ITSELF! OUR
OWN WISEMEN HAVE TRIED FOR
CENTURIES TO SOLVE THE
MYSTERY OF THIS 'PERPETUAL
ENEMY', BUT TO NO AVAIL...



ANYWAY, I'M TOO OLD FOR THIS SORT OF THING! WE'LL BE MOVING ON TO RUBICON IN A FEW DAYS. I'M SURE THE KING WILL BE MOST INTERESTED TO MEET YOU...

I STILL THINK WE'RE IN A DREAM.



DAYS LATER...

HEY VALERIA, I HEAR THE GNOMES ARE HAVING A BASH TONIGHT! WANNA BOOGIE?

OH STEVE! YOU—



AAAAAAARRG!

OH MY!

WHAT TH--!



FROM OUT OF NOWHERE THEY CAME, THE RAMPAGING WYX HORDES ON THEIR MONSTROUS LIZARD-DOGS— TAKING THE SURPRISED ELF PLATOON TOTALLY OFF GUARD...

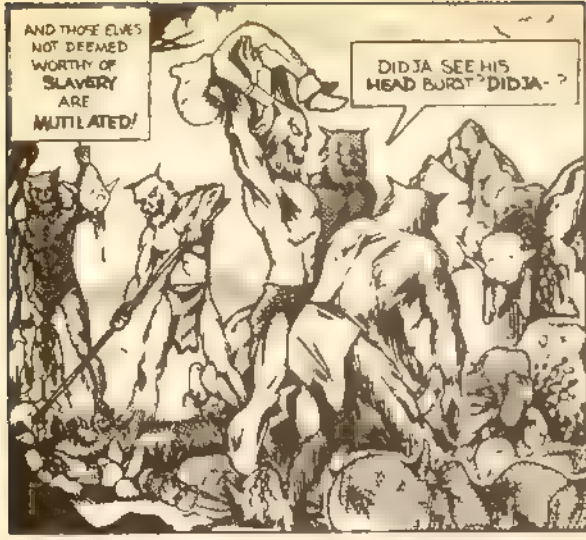
KILL! KILL! KILL!

YAAAAAAAAG!

GAAA!

GNYAAARG!

WYX RAID! WYX RAID!!



AND THOSE ELVES
NOT DEEMED
WORTHY OF
SLAVERY
ARE
MUTILATED!

DIDJA SEE HIS
HEAD BURST? DIDJA?



WHILE...

THROW THESE SCUM
IN THE CAGES W TH
THE ELF SWINE!!



SHORTLY, THE WYX ENSEMBLE PROCEED
BACK TO THEIR ENCAMPMENT.



AND...

HA HA --- AND NOW THE MASTERS
WILL DECIDE YOUR FATE,
CAGED FOOLS!!



SOON, A NUMBER OF QUARX SUR-
ROUND THE CAPTIVES. THEY MAKE
NO SOUND AS THEIR TENTACLED
EYES CAREFULLY SCRUTINIZE
THE PRISONERS...

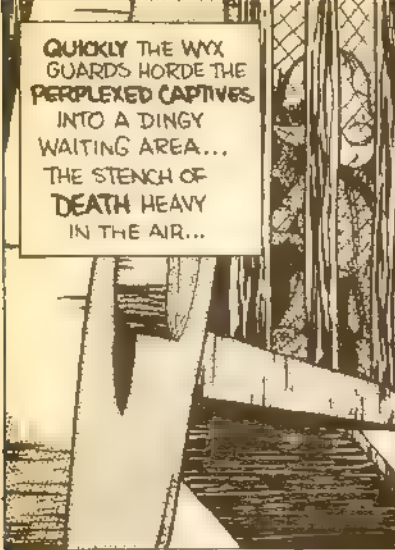


THEN...


TAKE THEM TO THE
TORTURE GROUNDZ ..



THOSE WHO SURVIVE
WILL BECOME OUR
ZERVANTZ! GO NOW!




QUICKLY THE WYX
GUARDS HORDE THE
PERPLEXED CAPTIVES
INTO A DINGY
WAITING AREA...
THE STENCH OF
DEATH HEAVY
IN THE AIR...



DO NOT THINK OF
ESCAPE! THERE IS
NO ESCAPE! FOOLS!



OVER THERE... IT'S
IT'S STEVE!



STEVE
STEVE!



I'M SO GLAD
I'VE FOUND YOU!




WHAT
STEVE?


I... I LOVE YOU.

OH STEVE! I--

VALERIA! BEFORE WE DIE THERE'S
SOMETHING I MUST TELL YOU...
SOMETHING I'VE BEEN MEANING
TO TELL YOU FOR SO LONG...



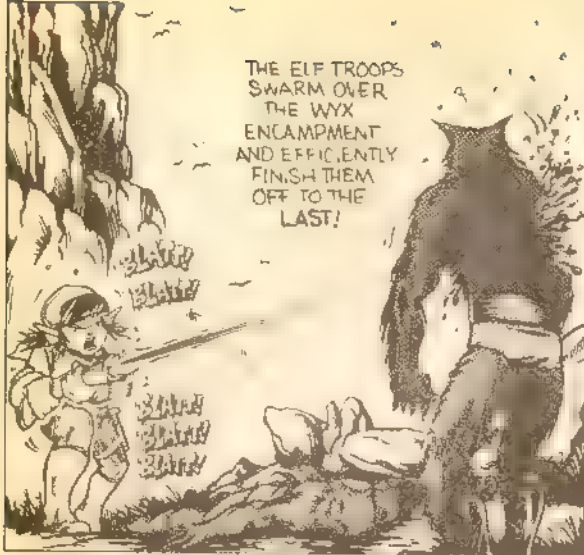
YOU TWO!
NO SPEAK!
COME
WITH ME!



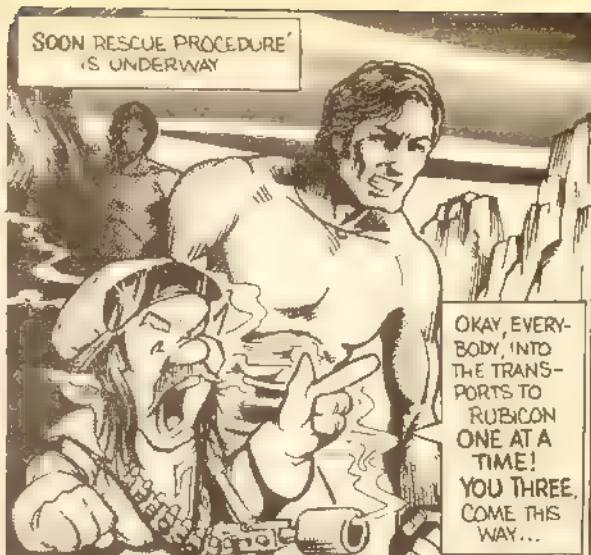
MY GOD! IF I HAVE TO DIE...

HEAR HIS
KNEES
POP?





THE ELF TROOPS
SWARM OVER
THE WYX
ENCAMPMENT
AND EFFICIENTLY
FINISH THEM
OFF TO THE
LAST!



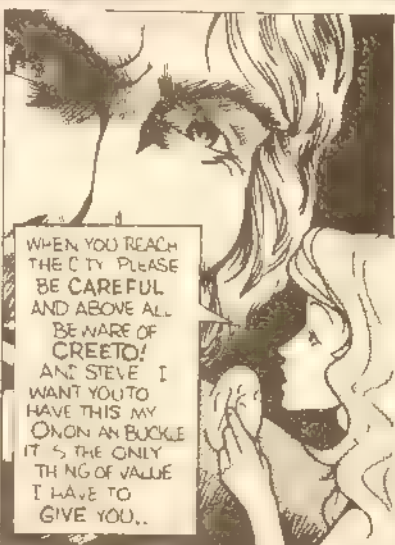
SOON RESCUE PROCEDURE
IS UNDERWAY

OKAY EVERY-
BODY, INTO
THE TRANS-
PORTS TO
RUBICON
ONE AT A
TIME!
YOU THREE,
COME THIS
WAY...



VALERIA!
WHY
SO SAD?

I OH
STEVE!

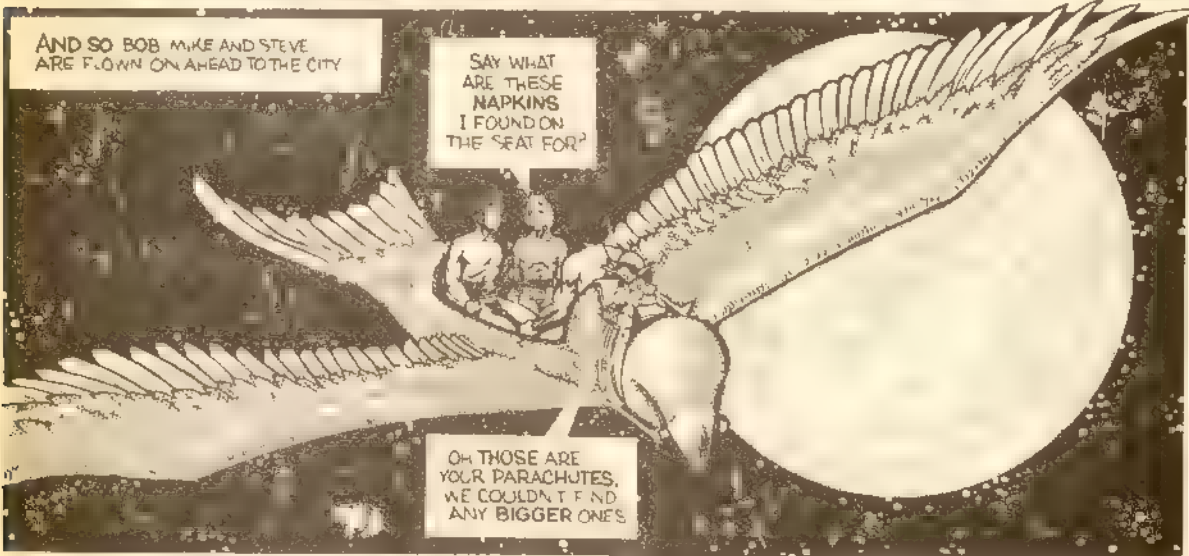


WHEN YOU REACH
THE CITY PLEASE
BE CAREFUL
AND ABOVE ALL
BE WARE OF
CREETO!
AND STEVE I
WANT YOU TO
HAVE THIS MY
ONON AN BUCKLE
IT'S THE ONLY
THING OF VALUE
I HAVE TO
GIVE YOU..



BUT
VALERIA-

FAREWELL
MY LOVE.



AND SO BOB MIKE AND STEVE
ARE FLOWN ON AHEAD TO THE CITY

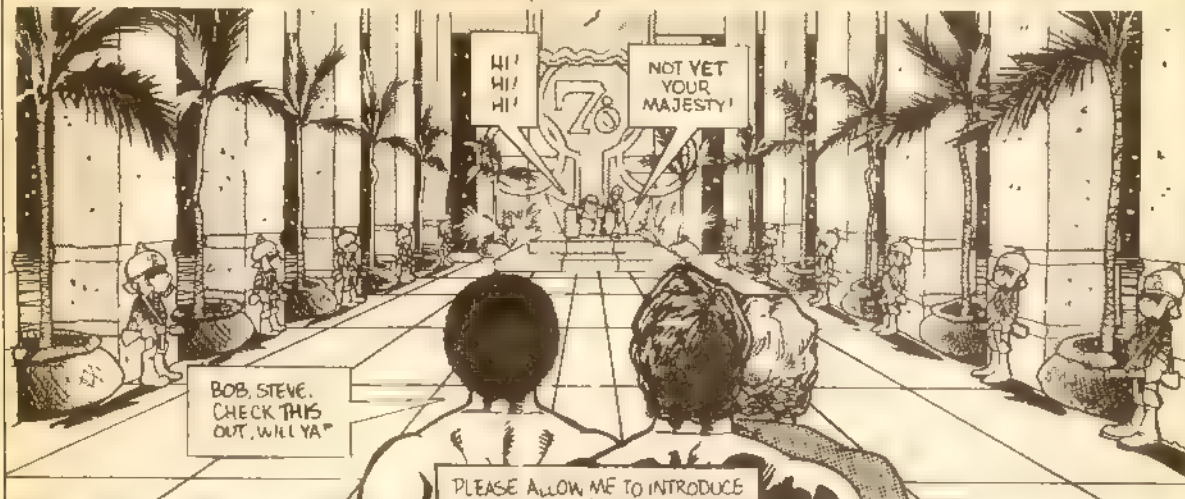
SAY WHAT
ARE THESE
NAPKINS
I FOUND ON
THE SEAT FOR?

OH THOSE ARE
YOUR PARACHUTES,
WE COULDN'T FIND
ANY BIGGER ONES

FINALLY BOB, MIKE AND STEVE HAD REACHED RUBICON, THE VERY HEART AND SOUL OF ONCONIAN CULTURE. AS CALDWELL THE ELFIN SAGE HAD SAID YES, RUBICON, A BIZARRE CITY INDEED! BOB COULD NOT HELP BUT NOTICE THAT THE GENERAL DEPLAACE STILL USED HORSES AS THEIR MAIN MODE OF TRANSPORTATION, WHILE ABOVE IN THE SKIES HOVERED A FANTASTIC ARRAY OF MECHANICAL AIRCRAFT DESIGNED TO RESEMBLE VARIOUS BIRDS AND INJECTS A PECULIAR SYNTHESIS OF TECHNOLOGY AND OLD WORLD SIMPLICITY...



THEN IN THE GREAT PALACE OF KING VOYDD, THE ASTRONAUTS COME UPON AN EVEN STRANGER SCENE...



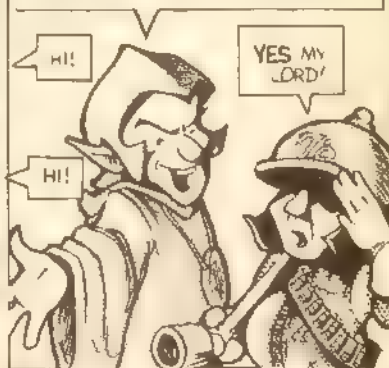
BOB, STEVE,
CHECK THIS
OUT, WILL YA?

PLEASE ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE
MYSELF. I AM CREETO HUMBLE
AID AND ADVISER TO KING VOYDD
OF ONO. I HAVE HEARD MUCH
OF YOU AND I THAT S WE HAVE
BEEN LONGING TO MEET YOU!
BY THE WAY WE HAVE LOCATED
YOUR SPACECRAFT, AND OUR
SCIENTISTS ARE READYING IT AT
THIS VERY MOMENT FOR YOUR
'DEPARTURE', BUT I AM SURE
YOU ARE WEARY FROM YOUR
LONG JOURNEY.

OH GUARD SEE TO IT THAT OUR GUESTS
RECEIVE PROPER TREATMENT AND
DO SHOW THEM OUR FAIR CITY BE-
FORE THEY LEAVE US. OH YES AND
MAKE SURE THEY HAVE ENOUGH
COMPANY. DO YOU UNDERSTAND?



YOU'LL HAVE TO
EXCUSE HIS
MAJESTY,
HE HASN'T BEEN
WELL LATELY!



YES MY
LORD!

AND IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED IT SEEMED THEIR 'COMPANY' WAS EVERYWHERE.



HEY GUYS! LETS
TAKE A LOOK IN~

STOP! OR YOU WILL BE SHOT
WHERE YOU STAND!!

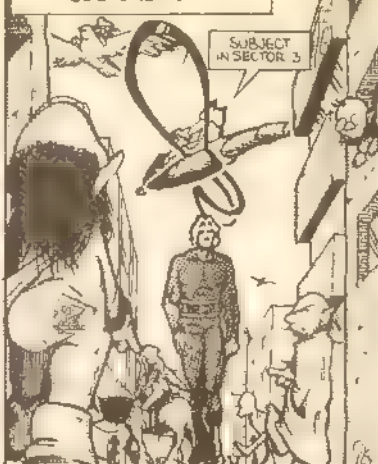
ADMITTANCE IS STRICTLY FOR-
BIDDEN! COME WE LOOK AT OUR
BEAUTIFUL MARKET SQUARE!



HMMM I WONDER WHY THIS PARTICULAR BUILDING IS OFF LIMITS TO US. THEY'VE ALLOWED US IN EVERYWHERE ELSE. WONDER WHAT THEY'RE HIDING...



THE DAYS PASS. STEVE STUDIES ONONIAN CULTURE.



WHILE BOB RESEARCHES THE TECHNOLOGICAL ASPECTS OF THE ELFIN CIVILIZATION.



AS FOR MIKE...

GREAT DEAR MIKE! NOTHIN LIKE QUAFFIN A FEW BREW! GOTTA WARN YA THOUGH YER DRINKIN WITH THE KING'S GUARDS!



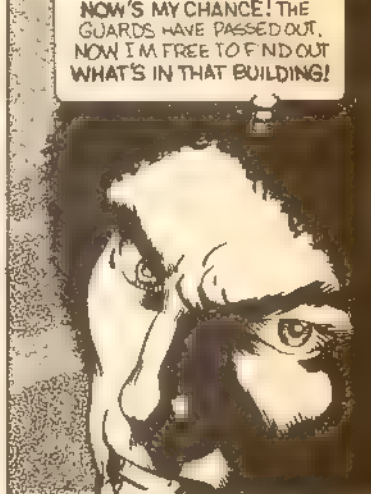
YESHREE...YER DRINKIN' WIT DA KINGSH DA KINGSH

THE KING'S GUARDS!

FINALLY!



NOW'S MY CHANCE! THE GUARDS HAVE PASSED OUT. NOW I'M FREE TO FIND OUT WHAT'S IN THAT BUILDING!

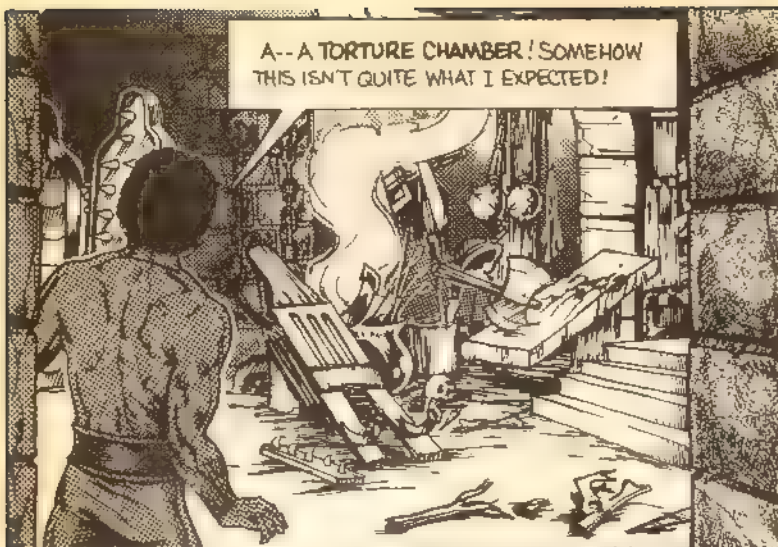


BEING CAREFUL TO REMAIN UNDETECTED MIKE MAKES HIS WAY TO THE RESTRICTED AREA...



GOOD LORD!





A-- A TORTURE CHAMBER! SOMEHOW THIS ISN'T QUITE WHAT I EXPECTED!



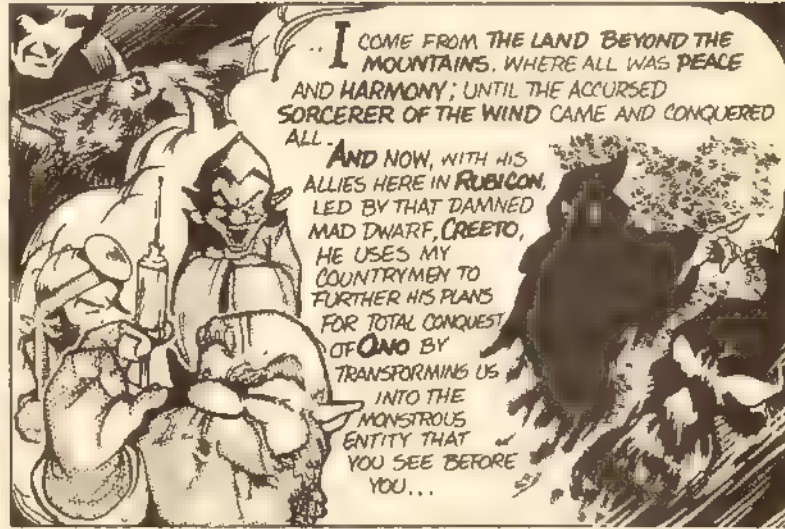
AAAAAAAAAAAA!

WHA--



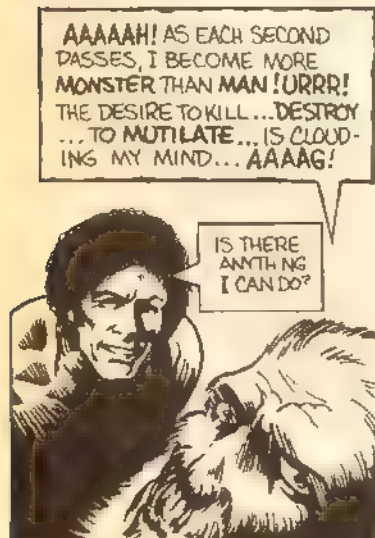
WHY IT'S A-- A WYX!

NOT YET, MY FRIEND. I WAS LIKE YOU ONCE...



I COME FROM THE LAND BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS, WHERE ALL WAS PEACE AND HARMONY; UNTIL THE ACCURSED SORCERER OF THE WIND CAME AND CONQUERED ALL.

AND NOW, WITH HIS ALLIES HERE IN RUBICON, LED BY THAT DAMNED MAD DWARF, CREETO, HE USES MY COUNTRYMEN TO FURTHER HIS PLANS FOR TOTAL CONQUEST OF OMO BY TRANSFORMING US INTO THE MONSTROUS ENTITY THAT YOU SEE BEFORE YOU...

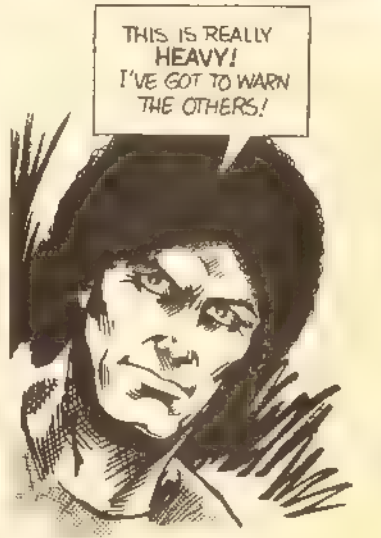


AAAAAH! AS EACH SECOND PASSES, I BECOME MORE MONSTER THAN MAN! URRR! THE DESIRE TO KILL... DESTROY... TO MUTILATE... IS CLOUDING MY MIND... AAAAG!

IS THERE ANYTHING I CAN DO?



I AM BEYOND ALL HELP MY FRIEND! GRRRRRR! SAVE YOURSELF, BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE! SAVE YOURSELF...

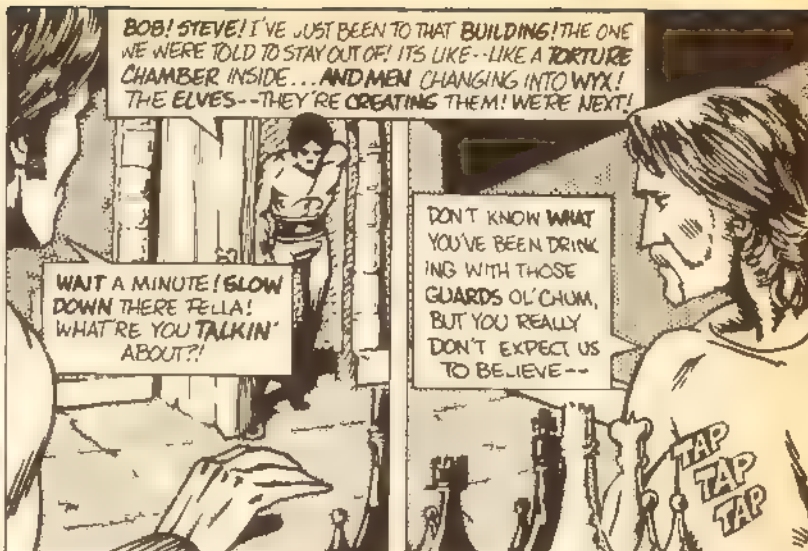


THIS IS REALLY HEAVY! I'VE GOT TO WARN THE OTHERS!

QUICKLY MIKE MAKES HIS WAY BACK TO HIS COMRADES TO TELL THEM OF HIS STARTLING DISCOVERY!



BOB! STEVE! I'VE JUST BEEN TO THAT BUILDING! THE ONE WE WERE TOLD TO STAY OUT OF! IT'S LIKE--LIKE A TORTURE CHAMBER INSIDE... AND MEN CHANGING INTO WYX! THE ELVES--THEY'RE CREATING THEM! WE'RE NEXT!



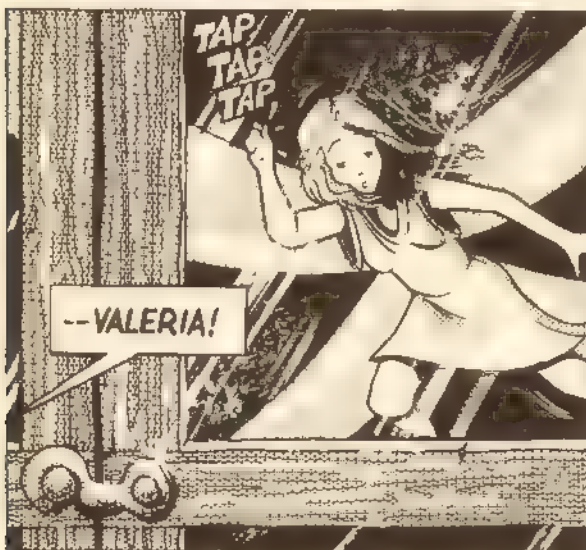
WAIT A MINUTE! SLOW DOWN THERE FELLA! WHAT'RE YOU TALKIN' ABOUT?!

DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'VE BEEN DRINKING WITH THOSE GUARDS OL' CHUM, BUT YOU REALLY DON'T EXPECT US TO BELIEVE--

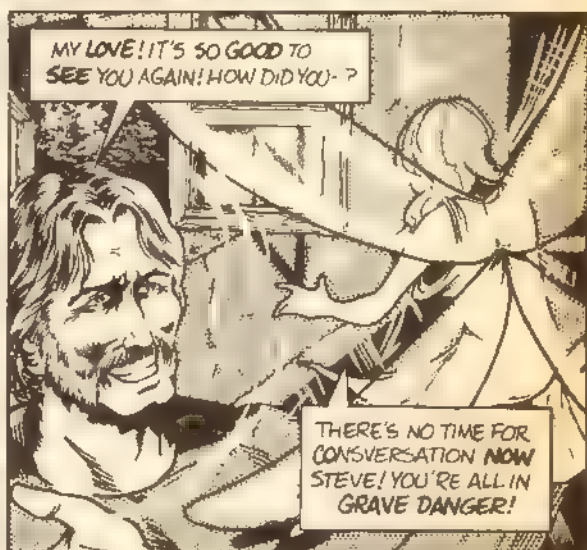


TAP
TAP
TAP

--VALERIA!



MY LOVE! IT'S SO GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN! HOW DID YOU--?



THERE'S NO TIME FOR CONVERSATION NOW STEVE! YOU'RE ALL IN GRAVE DANGER!

CREETO AND HIS GUARDS! THEY'RE ON THEIR WAY HERE THIS VERY MINUTE! THEY KNOW THAT MIKE HAS BEEN TO THE FORBIDDEN BUILDING! WE'LL ALL BE SHOT ON SIGHT! YOUR SPACECRAFT IS IN THE IMPERIAL COURTYARD! YOU MUST ESCAPE! NOW!



THUNK!

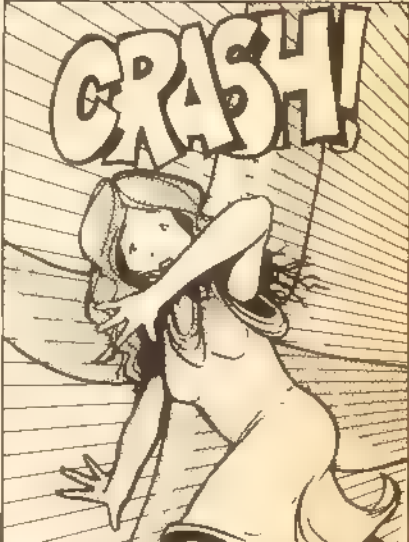
DOOF!

IDIOT!

SOMEONE AT THE DOOR!

IT'S CREETO! GO QUICKLY!

CRASH!



'SHOOT THE
TRAITOROUS
WENCH FIRST!'



VALERIA!



BRAK!
BRAK!
BRAK!



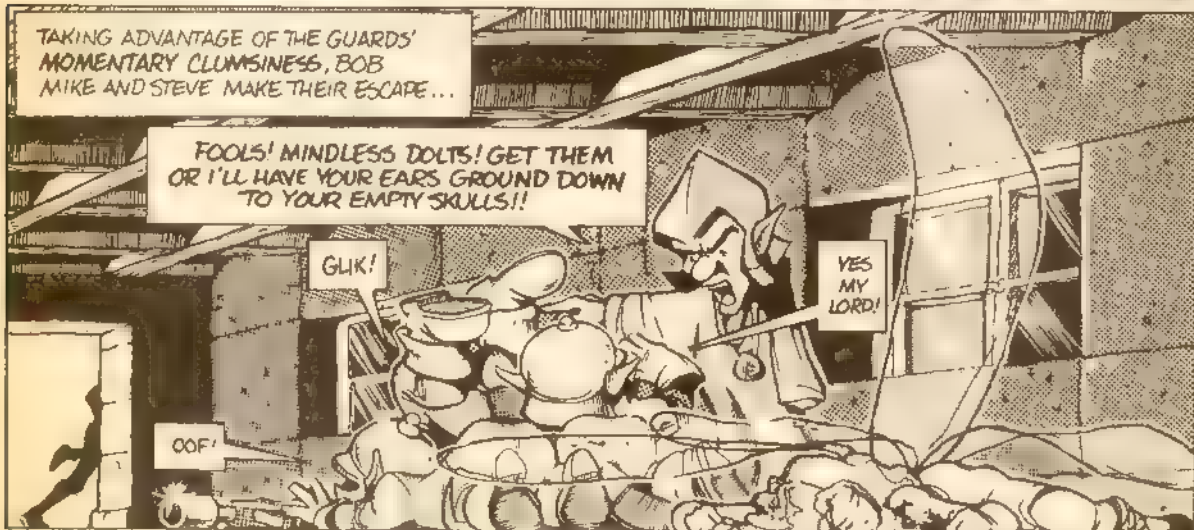
TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE GUARDS'
MOMENTARY CLUMSINESS, BOB,
MIKE AND STEVE MAKE THEIR ESCAPE...

FOOLS! MINDLESS DOLTS! GET THEM
OR I'LL HAVE YOUR EARS GROUND DOWN
TO YOUR EMPTY SKULLS!!

GLIK!

YES
MY
LORD!

OOF!



THROUGH THE
WINDING STREETS
OF RUBICON
RUN THE THREE
ASTRONAUTS,
W. TH CREELO'S
DEATH-DEALING
HENCHMEN
IN HOT PURSUIT
ALL THE WAY!



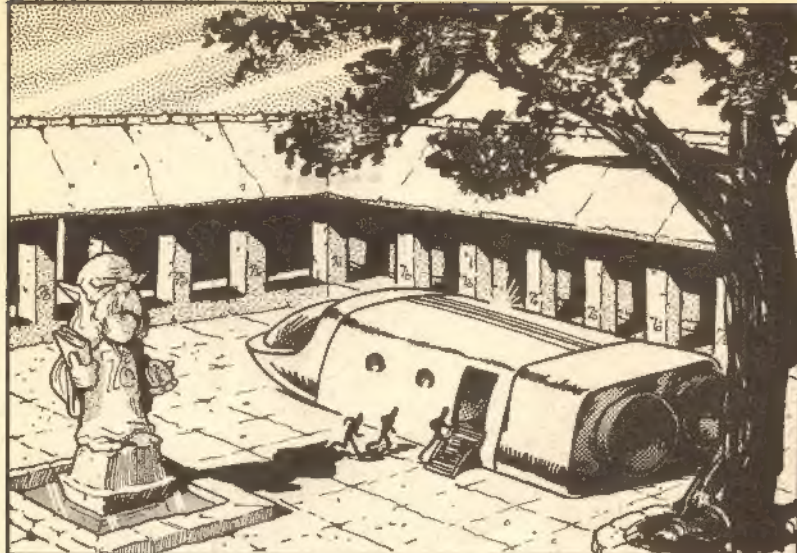
I'LL BE BACK, VALERIA--



BACK TO
AVENGE YOUR DEATH!

LOOK! THERE'S THE
SHIP! LET'S GO!!





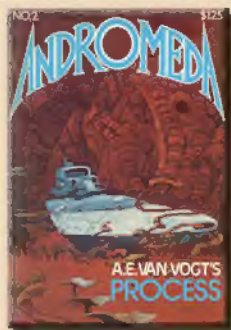
117 WEST LITTLE TORONTO
321 QUEEN STREET WEST
TORONTO ONTARIO
CANADA



ARIK KHAN



MOTER



Sir Real's

**UNDERGROUND
COMIX CLASSIX**

Andromeda #2

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4 - Process

20 - The Hidden Diaries

23 - Shawn Of The Ruins

31 - The Dark Side Of The Moon

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